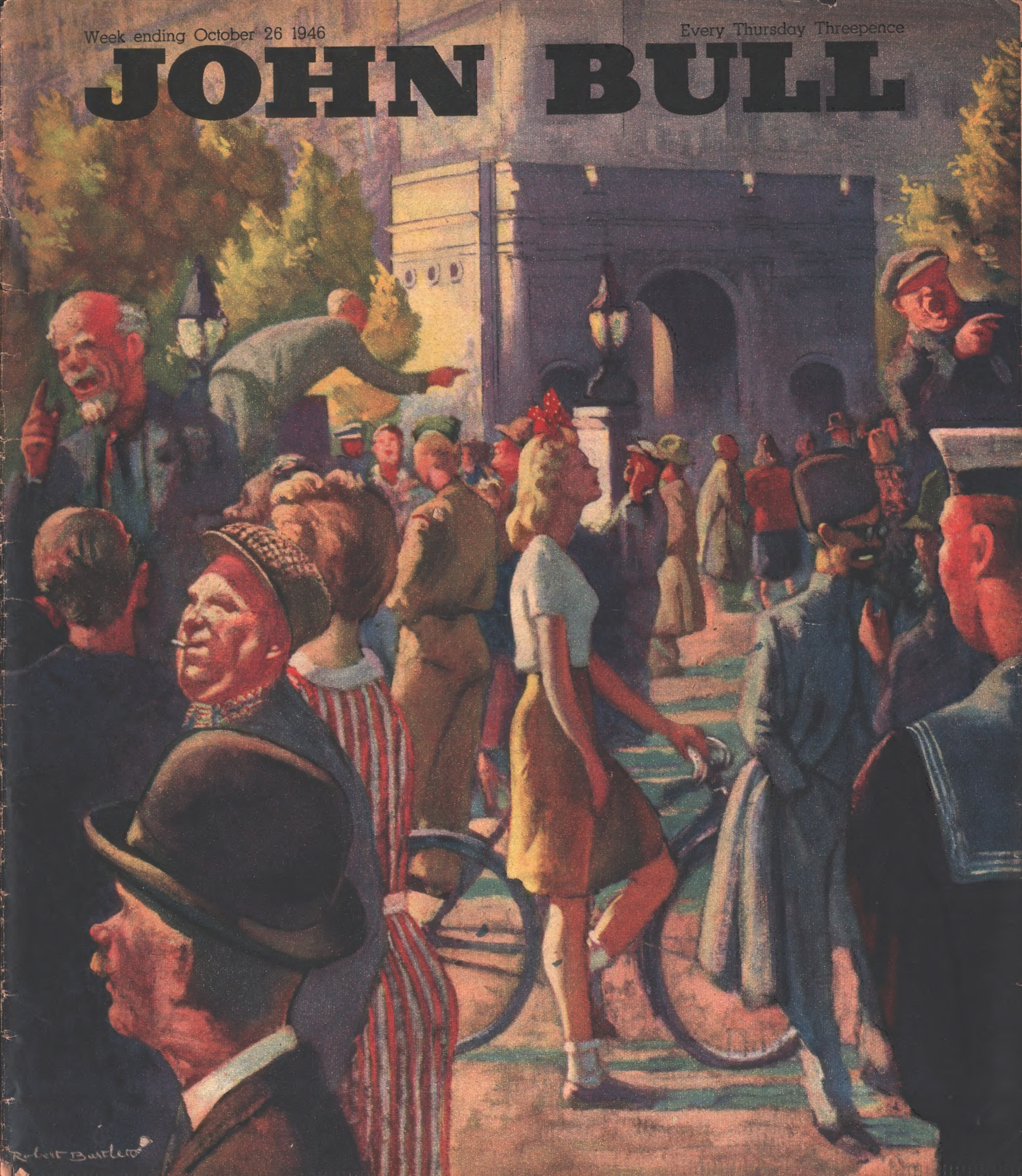
Week ending October 26 1946

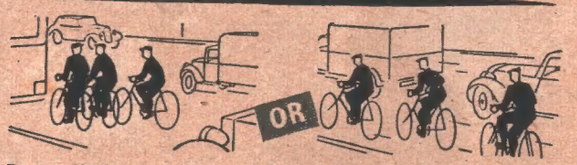
Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



Guilty or not guilty?

Do you let children play here? *Take them to the park?*



Do you ride three abreast in traffic? *Ride single file for safety?*

Do you think an inch is as good as a mile? *Give cyclists a wide safe berth?*

We are all on the road together; we must all remember, all the time, that *carelessness kills.* Motorists, cyclists and pedestrians — all share the responsibility. Only by tackling this job together can we make the road safe for others — and ourselves.

KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROAD

Carelessness Kills

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

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THINK IN— STEAD

J. STEAD & Co. Ltd., SHEFFIELD

Insure against trouble without paying a premium

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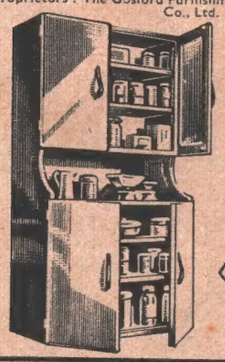
Proprietors: The Gosford Furnishing Co., Ltd.



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Exercise kept me fit in the Army. Now I'm back in civvy street I need the helping hand of—

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

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- ***The plans*** *of the omnibus companies for peace-time travel were laid during the war.*
- ***Thousands*** *of new buses have long been on order.*
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The British Omnibus Companies Public Relations Committee

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The **FINEST BICYCLE BUILT** to-day

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The Hercules Cycle & Motor Co., Ltd.
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"It's KIWI from the start for these new shoes!"

"KIWI certainly helps to keep shoes looking shapely and smart longer. Mine are ages old but they've worn well, with no sign of a crack."

"— because they were GOOD shoes to begin with and KIWI has preserved them. Its rich waxes sink deep into the pores of the leather, keeping it soft and supple."

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"My teeth really ARE whiter!"

TESTED JB

Everyone's teeth haven't the same *natural* whiteness. But everyone's teeth can be *whiter than before*, with Pepsodent's wonderful Irium.* The soft sparkle of white teeth, brilliantly clean, can be yours in a week. Let Pepsodent get busy, gently dissolving away stains and film, bringing up beauty as you brush!

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gives you sparkling white teeth

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SWALLOW RAINCOATS LTD BIRMINGHAM 19

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DOES

A DRY SHERRY PLEASE MORE FROM SPAIN THAN AUSTRALIA?

● Sentiment alone is not why the best from Australia gives more pleasure. The answer is inside the bottle. Good wines are in short supply now, but ask your dealer to list your turn for a bottle of

SIR JOHN'S Empire SHERRY SACK

12/6 THE BOTTLE

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BRITAINS MOST FAMOUS MIXTURE

2/3 PER OZ

YOU CAN KEEP YOUR PROPAGANDA I PREFER MY

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No. Three

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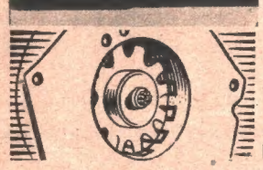

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Scientific S.U.12

To RAZOR smile

"If he had only known about Double Six"

Hair-raising opposition easily overcome. Smooth out your troubles with . . .

Double Six

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Manufactured by

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click.. puff.. fine fuel,

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Ronsonol is the *instant-flash* fuel and, what's more, it's fumeless and non-clogging. Ronsonol is ideal for *every* type of lighter. It is made specially for Ronson Lighters, as also are Ronson Flints. You can buy Ronsonol everywhere—insist on it.

Ronsonol 1/6½d. a bottle. Ronson Flints 6d. a packet. Ronson Service Outfit 1/6d.

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Remember to ask for CARNATION MILK

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"Quick's" the word when you use Johnson's Wax. It gives floors a brilliant polish and a wax-protected shine that lasts twice as long. Non-greasy, fine for furniture and leather too. It's easy to use and keeps things bright and mirror-like. In tins 1/- and 1/8d.

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. . . but baby knows best

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No. 1 from birth—
No. 2 from 3 or 4 months.

★ Send 3d. for Ostermilk Baby Book, Dept., 979 Glaxo Laboratories, Ltd., Greenford, Middlesex.

Ah, who will give us blackbirds the heart to say "Tweet-tweet"! Our finest fruit is stolen; we've nothing nice to eat. Our vegetable banquets have gone to Farrow's fans; the suppers that we sang for are sealed away in cans.

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FOR CHOICE English Canned Fruits and Vegetables

ESSENTIAL TO PRESENT-DAY DIET

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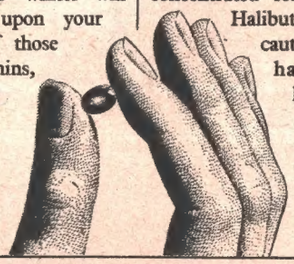

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Trouble brewing on the kitchen front? Send for the lessons specially written for new housewives by Mrs. Jean Scott of the Brown & Polson Cookery Service, and learn the secrets of successful cookery! 1. Homely Weights and Measures. 2. General Cookery Processes. 3. Vegetable Cookery. 4. Milk Puddings. 5. Fish Cookery. Write now—Mrs. Jean Scott, Brown & Polson Cookery Service, Dept. 20.B, 20, Stratford Place, London, W.1, enclosing 2½d. stamp.

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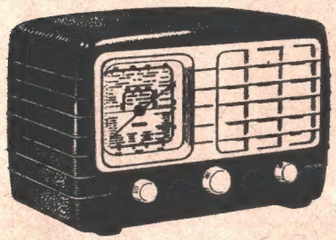
. . . still better to hear!



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Now! Ask for **SOLO** **BITTER ORANGE MARMALADE**

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Dish up with SYMINGTON'S

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Made by W. Symington & Co. Ltd., Market Harborough.

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JOHN BULL October 26 1946 Volume 80 Number 2106 186 High Holborn London WC1 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

THE RIGHT TIME TO STOP STRIKES

by THE EDITOR

MUST WE HAVE these strikes? Although the industrial scene has, on the whole, been much less troubled than after the first World War, the British public has recently had to endure the effects of a number of disputes resulting in strike action by one body of workers or another.

With few exceptions, the strikes usually take the same general course. The workers come out. The employers stand firm. Both sides are at first obdurate, but after a short testing time conciliation boards get to work, with or without Government intervention, and the causes of the strike are thrashed out.

If there is a clear-cut grievance, it is settled. If not, some compromise is arrived at.

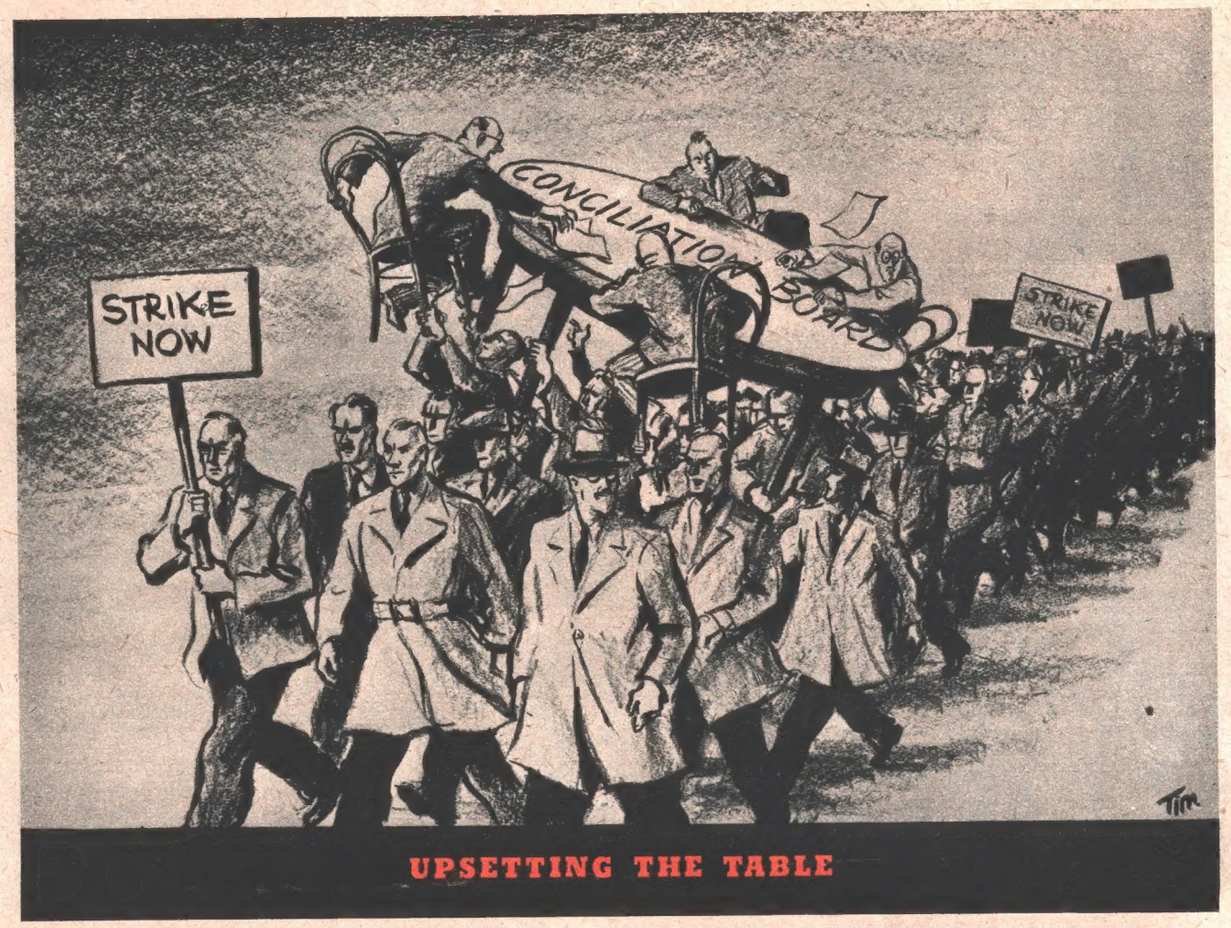
Either way, the public suffers—and so, of course, do the strikers themselves.

Some of these disputes are completely "unofficial" and irregular. It does not affect the general feeling that they should never have been allowed to happen.

Let us remember that nobody wants a strike, least of all the men and women who risk their livelihood by starting it. They do not do it for fun, but because it seems to them that there is no other answer to their complaint, whatever it may be.

The evidence is overwhelming that the existing structure of some of the unions needs overhaul, and that the machinery for dealing with disputes and grievances is, in any case, either too slow or too top-heavy. Often, it never seems to get to work until the damage is done.

The best time to stop a strike is not after it has caused dislocation and hardship but *before it has begun.*



UPSETTING THE TABLE

COAL CAMPAIGN

AS LONG AGO AS last August, JOHN BULL said: "There is going to be another coal crisis this winter" and called on the Minister of Fuel and Power to press on with measures to meet it.

Since then, Mr. Shinwell has varied between optimism and pessimism, and has finally demanded a ten per cent cut in the domestic consumption of fuel.

The issue is serious. The need for economy is obvious, since an acute fuel shortage might easily lead to the dislocation of industry, with perhaps the shutting down of factories and the inevitable unemployment which that would entail.

But if an economy campaign is necessary—and we are sure it is—it ought to be handled realistically. People do not save coal just by thinking about it. They will need help and advice—as well as continual reminders of the fuel facts—to achieve the saving now asked of them.

A great conference of experts in fuel efficiency was recently held under the auspices of the Ministry. The latest methods of obtaining the best results from the coal available were discussed. Did this conference produce any ideas, which could be put into practice at once, for eliminating waste in the home as well as in the factory?

Tell the public, Mr. Shinwell. Make your coal economy campaign as important and as well organized as, for example, the War Savings campaign.

WOMEN AND WORK

AS THEIR HUSBANDS have returned from the Forces, more and more women have been getting out of industry, despite all appeals for them to stay at work and so help produce the goods—both for home consumption and export—which we all need.

In these days of queueing and food difficulties, it is easy to understand that the housewife must give a great deal of time to running her home if her husband and children are to appreciate what home really means.

Many women, however, feel regret at giving up the extra income, independence and interest which a job provides. It is probable that some of them would gladly stay at work, given the opportunity to do so without letting their homes and families down.

If, therefore, the Government is seriously concerned at the effects of loss of woman-power on the general labour situation, it should give a lead to industry on this question.

Without a great deal of trouble, half-time jobs for married women could be arranged—particularly in offices and shops. And provided nursery schools were available, women who cannot manage full-time jobs would be prepared to take part-time employment, and thus help in the production drive by releasing men for other work.

BREAKING DOWN THE BARRIERS

WHILE GENERAL SMUTS and Mr. Churchill have been talking about a European Union, Mr. Bevin has quietly taken an important practical step towards the breaking down of barriers between one country and another. He has been as good as his recent word and has begun to get rid of the restrictions on travel imposed by two wars.

As a result, it will be possible for British people to visit France, and for French visitors to come here, without having the bother of applying for visas.

It is expected that other European countries will soon join in the restoration of "free" travel which has thus been initiated.

It may, of course, be quite a long time before we get back to the general freedom of movement which was common before 1914. But the example set by Britain and France is encouraging. We congratulate Mr. Bevin and M. Bidault on deciding to take an eminently sensible step, without fuss, difficulty or delay. They have brought their countries closer together.

NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN

Pictures show British and Australians in the desert war. John Cotton writes: "All creeds, all colours — they were the Eighth Army. They fought as a team, as only men with a belief in themselves and a cause can fight. That is the lesson of Alamein. And it is there for all men to learn in the fight for peace"

The fourth anniversary of Alamein not only recalls proud memories of a battle that turned the tide of war, says JOHN COTTON, ex-Eighth Army staff officer . . . it has a lesson for today and shows how peace can be preserved

THE MESSAGE READ: *MOST SECRET. W.E.F. 26/27 Sept. 1941 Western Desert Force will be known as 8 ARMY.*

"And *that*," said a senior officer within my hearing, "is the end of the buccaneering. From now on things are going to be very different. Why, we might even get some real tanks."

He was only half right. The "buccaneering" didn't quite end there. Things *were* very different —not always pleasantly so—and we did get some real tanks, later on.

Nevertheless the piece of cyclostyled paper he held in his hand represented the beginning of British military resurgence. It was the seed from which grew the finest British Army of our time.

Yet, up there in the blistering Western Desert, sitting at the foot of Hellfire Pass and the grim, blue escarpment that barred our way into Libya, we most of us thought it was a bit more "bull" from the cool shades of G.H.Q. in Cairo, a bit more nonsense from the boys who were responsible for the canvas and lath "tanks" which sat outside in the sand and with which we had fooled the Germans and the Italians sufficiently for them twice to make raids into our territory and get thrashed for their pains.

It wasn't "bull" and it wasn't deception-of-the-enemy. It was serious business which at first had its successes, then came near to complete disaster and finally led to the destruction of the Afrika Korps and the Italia Corps.

The old hands sat around in those very early days telling of the mighty things done in the Wavell advance. "We chased them right across Cyrenaica. We cut across the desert from Micbili to Beda Fomm and caught them there. What a battle! Don't suppose they ever heard of it at home, but oh, what a battle! The Italian column was ten miles long coming down the road from Benghazi, and we met 'em head on. In thirty-six hours we smashed them. And—we didn't need to be called an Army to do it."

That had happened in February of 1941, just before Hitler sent his Germans to Mussolini's aid.

Team Spirit Grew

They *were* great days—but the Eighth Army was to see greater. It was slow in starting and at first had none of its later great team spirit. The Eighth Army as such meant nothing to the men who were in it. They were conscious in particular of their regiment, then of the division of which they were a part, vaguely realized that they belonged either to 13 Corps or 30 Corps, and very remotely knew that the whole was 8 Army.

With the 5,000 men who gathered at the Albert Hall this week to celebrate the fourth anniversary of the Battle of Alamein, it is very different. They are still proud of their regiments, their divisions, their corps; but overriding all is the silver figure eight which gleams on the ribbons of their Africa Stars. Now, as from Alamein onwards, it is to the Eighth Army that they owe main allegiance.

This in itself is one of the most remarkable phenomena of today. And you must multiply those 5,000 men tens of times and visualize them spread over half the earth.

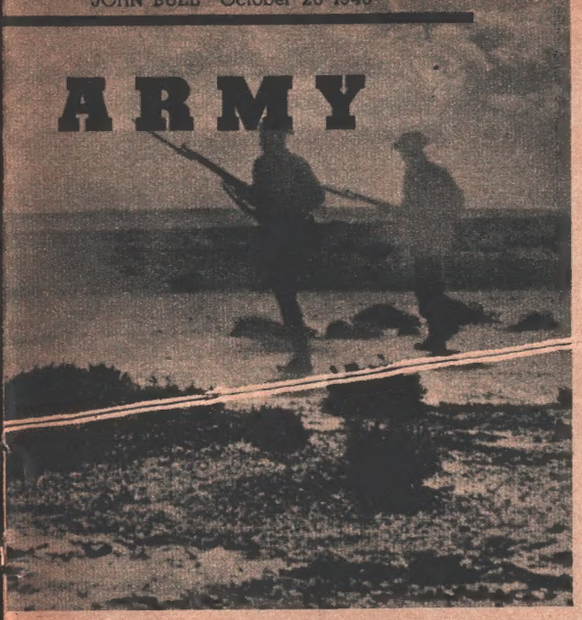
They are in Australia (the 9th Australian Division who brilliantly carried on the tradition of their brothers who took Tobruk and then held out for many months in that stinking, shell-ridden and bomb-flattened little port).

They are in New Zealand (the 2nd N.Z. Division, which retained its identity from the birth of the Eighth Army until its disbandment; they were the "Ball of Fire" Division led by the great General Freyberg, V.C., and were most frequently used for Montgomery's epic "left-hooks").

They are in South Africa (the 1st South African Division, whose great little Boer commander, Dan Pienaas once sat in a slit-trench with me reading out his last letter from his wife: ". . . she says she is having trouble with the servants—mind your head, boy, these bastards are getting a bit too close—well, I suppose we've all got our troubles. If I had a few tanks I'd clean this wasps' nest up").

They are in India (the 4th Indian Division, one of whose commanders, General Frank Messervy, was captured a few minutes after he had torn off and buried his red-banded hat and badges of rank in the sand: ". . . a young German doctor told me somewhat superciliously that I'd never have got into the Afrika Korps because I was obviously too old." General Messervy escaped within twelve hours and was back fighting again immediately afterwards).

They are in France (the Free French Brigade, who in the Battle of Alamein were given the very



difficult task of capturing the brooding, knife-edged hill, Himeimat, lying on the very lip of the Qattara Depression).

They are in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, for from these isles came the backbone of the Eighth Army, as it lined up for the decisive blow at Rommel on that night of October 22, four years ago.

Lying alongside the Australians in the north was the 51st Highland Division. Ah, what men! The Aussies had schooled them in night patrolling, they were magnificently trained by big, gangling General Wimberley—and they had St. Valery to avenge. On the third day of the battle, when we were deep in the enemy's minefields—these alone, apart from other defences, were between 5,000 and 9,000 yards deep—I saw a bow-legged, five-feet-nothing Scot bringing in a flock of Italians. He was a monstrous figure, dust-covered and dirty, tin hat on the back of his knobbly head, fixed bayonet prodding the backsides of any laggards, and about his waist an Italian general's flashy sword belt, from which dangled and bumped in the sand an enormous sword. "... I thocht the general wud ha nae mair use furrit."

They Never Failed

In the centre of the line lay the greatest Eighth Army infantry veterans of them all, the 50th (Tyne-Tees) Division. They never failed in any task that was given them. Withal they had a startling capacity for absorbing people who were in the least bit foot-loose—among them my batman who had gone missing for six weeks, having lost his way in a sand-storm, and whom I later found cheerfully brewing up in 50th Division lines. He had been mildly kidnapped and "taken on the strength surplus to establishment."

Below 50th Division lay the 44th (Home Counties) Division, whose motto was "Attack." This was Montgomery's old command. And below them lay the old originals, the 7th Armoured Division, whose shoulder-flash was the jerboa, the long-legged creature from which they drew their proud name, the Desert Rats.

These were the front-line men at Alamein. But behind them lay more men who with equal justice are of the Eighth Army, among them Pioneers drawn from a dozen nations.

They made up what was then, and what became to an even greater extent later, the most polyglot army the world has ever known. All creeds, all colours—they were the Eighth Army. They fought as a team, as only men with a belief in themselves and a cause can fight.

Therein lay the secret of a string of victories over a courageous, well-equipped and magnificently trained enemy. Belief in themselves as men, belief in what they were fighting for.

Is not that the lesson, the real lesson, of the Battle of Alamein? I here declare, as I may since I was in at the birth of the Eighth Army, fought with it in those forbidding sandy wastes, and honour its name today, that it was and is the lesson and that it is there for all men to learn.

May I underline that by the telling of this incident. A Bedouin friendly to our cause came into my camp in the Jebel Akhdar, that great, craggy and almost impassable region in Cyrenaica which Mussolini's emigrant peasants tried so desperately to cultivate. He told me he had two airmen hidden in a cave and that they needed medical attention and cash. They had both crashed and were seriously injured.

Rescued the Pilots

We followed him, stumbling for nearly two hours over rocks and through wadis and came to the cave. The airmen were lying there inside, tortured by thirst, by flies, fleas and mosquitoes.

One was a South African fighter pilot, the other a German who had baled out of a bomber. The Bedouin had rescued them both, brought them in on his donkey and tended them against the arrival of British troops who, at that stage, were chasing the Afrika Korps to Benghazi.

I said to him, "Why did you rescue the German? He is an enemy."

He stared hard at me, this lean, brown man of the desert. "The heat of the sun," he said, "is the same for all men and does not distinguish between enemy—or friend."

The fighting is over now and the task is plain enough—for all mankind to build together for peace and happiness.

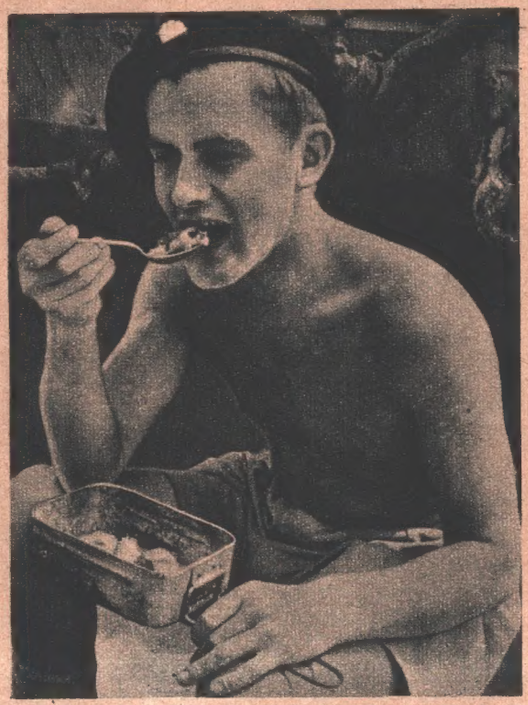
Allow your mind to take you along that single black desert road. Below, as you look south, sleep the dead now placed in long, orderly rows upon the slopes of Alamein, white crosses making for them a cycle of soft violet shadows that come with the dawn and depart with the declining sun.

They lie there, by the side of that single road. Truly some must fall in the battle, but their sacrifice can only be justified if those who are spared march on and keep the faith.

Alamein showed that men of many tongues could lift the curse of Babel from their shoulders.

That was in war.

Rise up, and let it be so in peace.



He is typical of the Desert Rats—whose example of courage and comradeship is still needed today

28 PAGES

THE INCREASED SUPPLIES of paper recently decided by the Paper Controller are extended to periodicals as from next week.

JOHN BULL is keeping a long-standing promise to over a million regular readers by applying a large part of the increase to MORE PAGES.

When we changed over to the present method of production over seven months ago, we lost four pages owing to the extra quality of the paper required by the ultra-modern colour gravure printing process adopted. But we undertook that we would restore those pages, and more, as soon as possible. We are keeping that promise—with interest—next week, when your JOHN BULL will be a 28-page issue.

★ ★ ★

The bigger JOHN BULL will have all the regular features which have proved their popularity week by week, and some new ones as well. It will be re-dressed and expanded to take full advantage of the ending of absolute "austerity" in the periodical field.

Look out for the first long article in a new exclusive series:

ON THE TRAIL OF TOMORROW

We've heard lots of promises about the New Britain. But what is actually being done? What are people up and down the country planning and hoping for as soon as the immediate post-war troubles are over? It's the most fascinating question of the moment. JOHN BULL has sent out a special correspondent to tour the country and find the answers. His first report comes from a famous seaport city.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

★ ★ There will be a limited number of extra copies for new readers, but orders for these must be placed NOW to avoid disappointment. Tell your friends

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

PASSPORTS

MORE THAN ONE MILLION of us will want to obtain or renew a passport next year. A Government Holiday Survey now in progress shows a huge demand for foreign travel. Highest pre-war passport total: 14,000 issued in one week, July, 1937. Present applications are over 20,000 a week, and the department is at least three weeks in arrears.

★ ★ ★

Before 1914 only seven countries (described by our Foreign Office as "backward") demanded passports, but they were useful for identification, and about forty a day were issued—record time for issue, twelve and a half minutes; average, forty-eight hours. Present average, one month; every country in the world is "backward" now.

★ ★ ★

A British passport costs fifteen shillings, plus two shillings a year for renewal. It is signed by the Foreign Secretary, who asks all friendly powers to permit the bearer to travel "without let or hindrance." In 1931 the fee (then 7s. 6d.) was doubled "because of the financial crisis." By 1935 receipts were £114,000 a year, of which £59,000 was profit—though a passport at least at cost price would seem to be the obvious right of every good citizen.

★ ★ ★

Forging of passports is a permanent European industry. In 1932 the Berlin police raided a "passport factory" and found specimens of almost every kind, except British. "Ours are forger-proof," said Foreign Office official; but Continental experts replied that Britain was so easy to enter there was no demand for forgeries.

★ ★ ★

In 1941 a passport clerk was caught selling genuine passports by means of which at least five "wanted" people had left Britain. His price—£40 to £70; his pay—£3 13s. a week. Two girls arrested in Paris had 117 keys and twenty-two passports. The British one cost them £10.

★ ★ ★

Visas—extra stampings of passports on each journey, always for a fee, were rarely required before 1920. Now they are a major nuisance of travel. Vladimir Kitter, industrial chemist, left Paris for New York in 1933. Five years later he had the bulkiest passport on record—there were fourteen feet of visas.

★ ★ ★

All members of the Royal Family must have passports except the King and Queen. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries "royal passports," signed personally by the king, cost £6 7s. 6d. Today a single consular stamp required on every trip costs one airline £12,500 a year.

★ ★ ★

An airliner captain may have to handle five hundred forms on one journey. Recently a British woman leaving for Sweden chartered a plane at the cost of £100 to fly her passport from London to Hull. J. B. Priestley, returning from Europe, said the passport formalities took longer than the air crossing.

★ ★ ★

Travellers arriving in Britain are asked, among other things: *State where you spent the fourteen nights prior to arrival.* A space for each night is given.

★ ★ ★

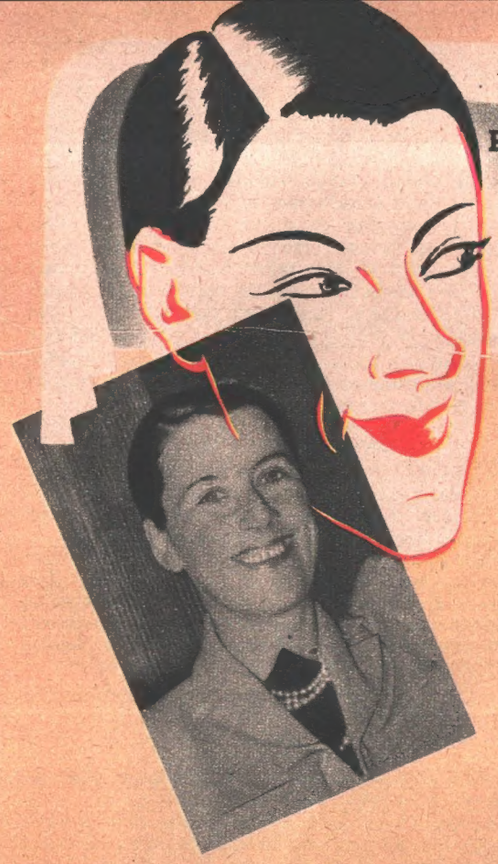
A man asking for a passport may be required to produce his wife's written permission, attested by clergyman or lawyer. Reason: many men are deserting their wives for girls they met abroad.

★ ★ ★

Birth certificates have now to be shown when passports are issued. This is because William Joyce (Lord Haw-Haw), though possessor of a British passport, later tried to evade a treason charge by claiming American citizenship.

★ ★ ★

The growth of the passport tangle is a symptom of a mad, suspicious world. Bevin wants to scrap the whole system. Every sane man backs Bevin on this.



PRIVATE VIEW OF BEATRICE LILLIE

LADY OF LAUGHTER

"YOU'VE GOT MAGGOTS in you, Maud!" Beatrice Lillie told her, and Maud agreed. Maud is the imaginary confidante who has sustained the impact of Bea's advice for nearly 300 performances of *Better Late* at the Garrick.

It is pure Lillie — delightful and excruciating.

Lillie fans are addicts who will endure almost anything else in a revue just to see her. They are devotees of comic surrealism, of pellucid nonsense. They belong to New York's Broadway as much as London's West End.

Beatrice Lillie is furious with *Who's Who* for publishing her date of birth wrong, feeling now that every year matters; but it is recorded with accuracy that she was born in Toronto.

Muriel, her sister, a promising musician, won a scholarship to continue her studies in Europe. She went, chaperoned by her mother, and Beatrice followed later. In 1914 they came to London and began the heartbreaking job of trying to sell an act to theatrical agents.

Muriel played the piano and Bea sang. They were sad, intense numbers that quickly received a "bird" from an audience of sailors at the Chatham Music Hall.

But Bea wanted comedy and she got this by heckling the manager. First she appeared in the finale wearing a moustache and was fined 5s. for trying to be funny. Then she interrupted a sketch by coming on and saying, "Excuse me, you're wanted on the gramophone!" Later she ran on with the chorus in a cowpuncher's outfit and told the audience, "It's only me!"

The manager promised her low comedy. He felt he had to save the show. She was a success.

IN 1920 she met and married Robert Peel, the tall and handsome great-grandson of the famous Prime Minister. In order to marry an actress he resigned his commission in the Coldstream Guards.

His courting was of the slow, self-conscious kind. They were very happy together. Their honeymoon was spent in Monte Carlo where Robert won £10,000 at the Casino the first night and lost it all again before they left.

She has always kept her title apart from her career. When her husband succeeded to a baronetcy, and she was asked whether she would give up the stage for her new role now as the lady of Drayton Manor, she replied, "I'd be like a duck without a pond!"

Her husband died suddenly in 1934 of peritonitis, and she was not able to keep up the vast estate during the minority of her son. So Drayton Manor went under the hammer, Bea moved to the Savoy and young Robert went to Harrow.

There was some talk of Hollywood's trying to make of him another Freddie Bartholomew, but mother was firm and her tall, lanky son stayed on at school. He was lost with a warship in the Far East in 1942. His mother turned down contracts worth £1,000 a week to join ENSA and go touring to Scapa Flow, Gibraltar, North Africa and the Middle East.

Beatrice Lillie lives in a flat at 55 Park Lane, from which a few weeks ago cat burglars removed her mink coat and jewellery worth £3,000. The flat is full of treasures she has collected through the years — glass paperweights with shot colours inside, Dresden china and pictures of inlaid tortoise-shell. There is a portrait of her done in America by Ned Murray and a vast scrapbook that has to be laid on the floor to be looked at.

She has just bought a house at Henley which absorbs all her spare time and energy. She is not in a hurry to furnish it and goes from one place to another looking for just the right pieces. She walks miles during the course of the day then wonders why she arrives at the theatre tired out.

She is, in fact, one of those genuinely unaffected women who never seem to lose contact with the human side of life. Her tastes are uncomplicated. She likes plain cooking and prefers beer to cocktails. She smokes very little.

JUST about an hour before the show is due to start an SS Jaguar (second-hand) will drive up to the Garrick Theatre. Bea will step out and walk with her almost imperceptible bounce along the line of stools at the side of the theatre, to the stage door.

Behind her follows a retinue of young men carrying most tenderly her newly ironed dresses for the performance.

Down the flights of steps she goes into her bright dressing-room where the walls are stuck with congratulatory telegrams. A curtain is swished with Bea behind it and swished back a few moments later with Bea in a white négligée and a blue ribbon round her waist.

Her make-up begins—cold cream goes on and comes off, number nine (sun tan) is rubbed in with the finger tips, then rouge to high-light her cheeks, then powder patted on interminably and dusted off with a soft brush, then blue under the eyes, mascara on her lashes and a pencil to trace the lines of her smile. She always applies lipstick with a paint brush—she has a "thing" about this.

She has only once been billed as Lady Peel, in the middle-west of America, when the whole town turned out to watch a performance by a member of the English nobility. They sat stolidly through the act without even the whisper of a laugh and at the end of it, when she came out to take her call, they rose as one man and bowed back to her.

JOHN BULL October 26 1946

Recent crashes have thrown a new light on what it takes to be an air hostess. The sky girls of 1946 get some tough training, with glamour pushed into the background

HARD WAY TO THE STARS

by GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

Besides rendering pleasant service to passengers, the hostess must know technical details about cargo stowage

WHENEVER A PICTURE of an air hostess appears in the newspapers the big flying companies receive floods of letters from girls who imagine that the job involves little more than an ability to act as a glorified usherette.

Many applicants picture themselves in a trim uniform, striking a glamorous pose in the romantic setting of an aerodrome, with giant airliners drawn up in the background.

Few realize exactly what the job entails in hard work and special qualifications.

An air hostess has to look trim and smart, certainly, but she also has to be expertly trained to make herself proficient in a number of exacting and responsible duties. There's a rigid process of selection and a relentless weeding-out of those who don't measure up to the required high standards. This ensures that only those truly capable of the work are finally engaged.

Few vacancies exist, anyway. When one company advertised for fourteen trainees the other day, it received more than 300 applications.

Here are some of the qualifications demanded: Neatness, intelligence, tact, charm of manner, a cool head, alertness, capability in emergency, absolute fitness, a knowledge of first-aid, proficiency in catering.

Other virtues: A candidate is expected to have a manner that "will impart trust and a sense of reliability." At all times she must inspire confidence by her "quiet and unobtrusive efficiency." She must have "complete control of a mass of routine details" and be "mistress of her own section of administration and organization."

Gruelling Training

Where are such paragons? Well, mostly they are recruited from ex-Service girls. Here and there you will find a qualified pilot who served with the Air Transport Auxiliary. But whatever their qualifications, they submit to a gruelling course of training. And they have to pass more than one stiff test to the satisfaction of their examiners before they are permitted to make their first duty flight in charge of an airliner's passengers.

The three big corporations—British Overseas Airways, British European Airways and British South American Airways—all employ hostesses, whose salaries, starting at £250, may rise to £425 a year, with special bonuses for those who have knowledge of languages.

British South American Airways has coined its own name for its hostesses. It calls them Star Girls, and the training schedule is devised to produce real stars at the job.

Some people "take" to the air and some do not. To avoid wasting time in training unsuitable candidates, any who pass the first selection board are given a test flight. Reactions are noted, but a poor showing on an initial flight does not jeopardize a candidate's chances. Allowance is made for "first flight" nerves and there will be a second and perhaps a third opportunity for her to gain her "air legs" in short hops when machines are being ferried from one aerodrome to another. But if these show her to be "a bad flyer" she will have to abandon her ambition.

Those who react favourably and are obviously at home in the air proceed with their training—a tough course, lasting eight weeks.

They are measured for uniform. They are vaccinated. They are given all the necessary inoculations.

General details of the company's routine are explained. They spend a few days in all the principal passenger and freight departments, both at the head office and at the airports.

From the caterers they learn how to get the maximum results from the electric stoves with which modern airliners are equipped. Three full days are devoted to detailed instruction in the handling of frozen foodstuffs. Nowadays long-distance planes can carry a variety of full-course meals, frozen into compact blocks. The hostesses learn how to thaw out chicken *en casserole, tournedos chasseur,* braised ham and sweetbreads, and how to retain their full flavour and quality.

There are many other things in which they must make themselves proficient. They must learn exactly how the pay-load of an airliner is made up; they must gain experience in the weighing of passengers and freight and know something of the limits allowed by the aircraft's certificate of airworthiness.

Stowing of Cargoes

They must familiarize themselves with loading records and passenger lists so that routine checking becomes a speedy affair. Details of loading will be studied at a big airport, because one day the hostesses will have to assume responsibility for supervising the stowing of food cargoes.

A keen eye and a retentive memory are essential. It is useless having afterthoughts once an airliner has taken off. You can't go back for the salt.

The hostess has to escort passengers to the medical officer, the immigration authorities and the customs officials, and be prepared to answer any questions or to smooth out difficulties. Above all, she must see that her passengers are comfortable, and serve coffee and sandwiches during any inevitable waiting periods. All that calls for instruction, just as all everyday things do.

It is necessary to be familiar with the routes covered by the company's services, to be able to talk freely about places of interest, to know something of the travelling regulations in different countries, and to be "at home" with foreign currencies.

But still this does not exhaust the list of specialized qualifications. From Langley Airport, trainees are taken on a trial flight 3,000 feet above London. They are shown how to adjust oxygen masks for the comfort of passengers when the airliner is flying at high altitudes. They learn something about heating and ventilation, for when on duty they will be expected to maintain the interior of the aircraft at an even temperature as a matter of routine.

Level-headedness

The hostesses have to see that passengers are properly strapped in and that nobody is smoking during take-off or landing. Just as an extra duty they must make certain that all luggage is placed firmly on the racks.

Out of all this emerges the greatest qualification of the lot—level-headedness. The sort of level-headedness that passengers found in Air Hostess Jeanne Roocki, of that Belgian Sabena plane which flew into a hill in Newfoundland one foggy night in September.

Jeanne was thrown clear, with a broken leg. The surviving passengers dragged themselves from the blazing plane. Jeanne, in agony, lay there smiling and instructing them in a firm voice to "get farther away from the plane—get farther away."

The training ends with a duty flight as assistant to a fully-qualified hostess. This is the acid test. Every reaction is noted by the senior and reported upon when the flight ends. Trainees have full scope for showing how much they have retained of all they have been taught. Those who win through will soon be flying "solo."

When the time comes for them to make their first long-distance flight in supreme charge of their passengers, they will do so with the confidence that experience alone can give.

Glamour? They have pushed it into the background—and a pleasant background it makes. The main aim is to be 100 per cent efficient.

YANK'S-EYE VIEW OF INFLATION

In the false prosperity of "Inflationville," a cab dr
£35 to £40 a week. But prices of goods to buy are impo

LIKE MANY ANOTHER Mrs. Smith in America, Florence Smith of Bristol, New Hampshire, is the director of the family budget.

A few weeks ago she went to her husband with her hands full of bills and her eyes brimmed with tears. Like many another Mrs. Smith in America, she realized the family could not make both ends meet much longer.

What was the matter? Henry Smith held down a bank clerk's job in Bristol that paid him $75 a week (the exchange rate is now four dollars to the English pound). Till recently this had been a sizeable, healthy income.

Where was the money going? They both sat down and thought hard. Mrs. Smith brought out the account book for past years. In 1944 eggs were 1s. 9d. a dozen. They were 3s. 3d. on this week's bill. The book said that a pound of best steak had cost them 2s. 9d. in 1945. It was 4s. 9d. this week. Everything had increased almost double.

Inflation, with its invisible tenacity, had pecked away at the budget like a rat paying a daily visit to an unguarded larder. The cost of living hadn't risen suddenly. A few pence to each item each week had been added casually and unnoticed.

The car they wanted to buy was now out of the question. The manufacturers had boosted the price by £15. The big family insurance premium and the mortgage payment on the house had to be met, but it was doubtful now if Charles, their eldest son, could go to college in October. Tuition is completely free in a state university, but the Smiths had to consider the cost of clothing, pocket money and living expenses for four years. Charles would have to go to work instead.

Henry Smith had had one increase in salary in the past year, but it hadn't met the rising cost of living. As bank clerks don't belong to unions, he has no way of applying organized pressure on the bank to give him more money.

No Increase for Henry

There are twenty million unorganized workers like Henry in America, and fourteen million organized workers. Every time the cost of living has gone up organized labour has responded with new wage demands. Most of these demands have been justified, but some have been exorbitant, unreasonable and highly inflationary.

The Pacific and eastern coasts of America have been tied up in the greatest waterfront strike in her history. Not a strike against ship owners. Not a demand for higher wages from the employers. The shipowners have already agreed to increases.

No. The seamen struck against a ruling of the national Wage Stabilization Board, which decided that the proposed increases would be inflationary.

The Government's Wage Stabilization Board is not, in an insidious way, playing into the hands of the owners. It is trying to protect the public from more inflation. The Board was organized by Congress to try to cut into the vicious circle whereby higher costs beget higher wages and higher wages beget higher costs. The Board was willing to permit seamen's wage rises up to £4 7s. 6d. a month; they baulked at £6 17s. 6d., the figure one of the unions had won in direct negotiation with the owners.

Cheap money won in gains like this is piling up in some of the people's pockets. But for them, there are not enough goods on which to spend the money. Some of the shortages are authentic, due to the turn-over from war; others are false, due to wholesalers holding back stocks until more favourable times—for instance, the collapse of government price control.

People like Henry Smith suffer now. But the whole country feels a growing tension.

The country is really divided into two types of consumer. One group, the Henry Smiths, has virtually no nest-egg at all—according to statistics. This is true of forty per cent of all American families.

The other group fluctuates between being moderately and very well off. They don't form a distinct class. Electricians, taxi-drivers, company promoters, all of these, owing to the trend of inflation, may find their earnings rocketing beyond their wildest dreams.

During the war, people sank all their savings, made from profitable jobs, in the factories, into war bonds, stimulated by tremendous savings campaigns, unparalleled by anything done in Britain. Even the G.I.s were pushed into buying bonds at £5 a month.

Boom-and-Bust Fear

Now, were a substantial fraction of the owners of these liquid assets to attempt to convert their bank accounts, cash, or government securities into goods, the country would experience a speculative boom that would dwarf all others. The possibility of a boom-and-bust of the previous post-war variety is hideously near. If the American public, with over thirty billion pounds in war bonds in the bank, or in a stocking, gets to buying too fast or buying to beat the price raise, even the bust of 1929 will seem like a minor upset.

Yet, every day looks like Christmas in the department stores, where sales are twenty-seven per cent over last year. The place to see it is New York.

To the Smith family New York has always seemed a bit like Monte Carlo, a corrupt and wicked city compared to the respectable calm of New Hampshire. Manhattan has earned itself the name of "Inflationville." It costs money to breathe, but money is cheap as the air.

I met a cab driver in New York who was cashing in on a wave of unwholesome prosperity. Cab drivers in New York talk to their fares continuously out of twisted-trumpet mouths, while they keep their eyes on the road ahead. They offer you their life stories and the last detail of their personal affairs whether you are willing to listen or not.

This one told me he had been a captain in the army during the war. As I had been a sergeant, I felt, for an instant, sorry for the poor chap.

That feeling was misplaced. The ex-captain told me he was making £35 to £40 a week driving his cab. He had taken the job to make money quickly as his wife was having a baby.

The hat check girls in the night clubs make £25 a week. This is their salary, not a weekly total of their tips. The tips, which amount to twice or three times that amount, are pocketed by the management.

That's why you feel like Alice in Inflationland these days in New York.

A friend of mine who accompanied—or was dragged by—his wife to a furrier the other day, neatly describes the trend. His wife picked out a fur coat.

"How much is it?" the husband asked the sales girl.

"Six," she replied crisply.

"Six hundred dollars?" he asked.

"Six thousand," she replied calmly. "I never say hundreds now."

Translated into the King's currency, the fur coat cost £1,500—except that he didn't buy it.

Football with $100 Bills

Most people have less wisdom. Crowds throng the racetracks and sports events. Night clubs and all luxury trades find millions in loose money. At a wild party in New York the host, drunk with wine and easy money picked up on the market, entertained his guests by starting a football game with a bundle of $100 bills.

Of course, you have to specialize in some form of inflationary enterprise for the money to pour your way. Servicemen have not proved too adaptable. Few soldiers have come home to large incomes.

In fact, the man home from the war is one of the principal victims of the whirling spiral of prices. Many whom I know are earning less than £35 a month. Yet the cost of living balloons up every day. No labour union is content with the last pay boost.

The game of grab is like a Balkan war. Big business makes every pay rise an excuse to demand higher prices; labour uses higher prices to demand pay rises. It is a ghastly game of leapfrog. And, of course, prices somehow always come out on top.

Government Price Control, known as the OPA (Office of Price Administration) struggled along until July, but it is stone dead now. The new rise

In a special dispatch to John Bull, EDMUND ANTROBUS reports what really happened to the man-in-the-street when America's price controls collapsed and inflation got under way. He fears that the Big Bust, if it comes, will dwarf the 1929 crash. The lesson for us in this eye-witness report is clear and unmistakable

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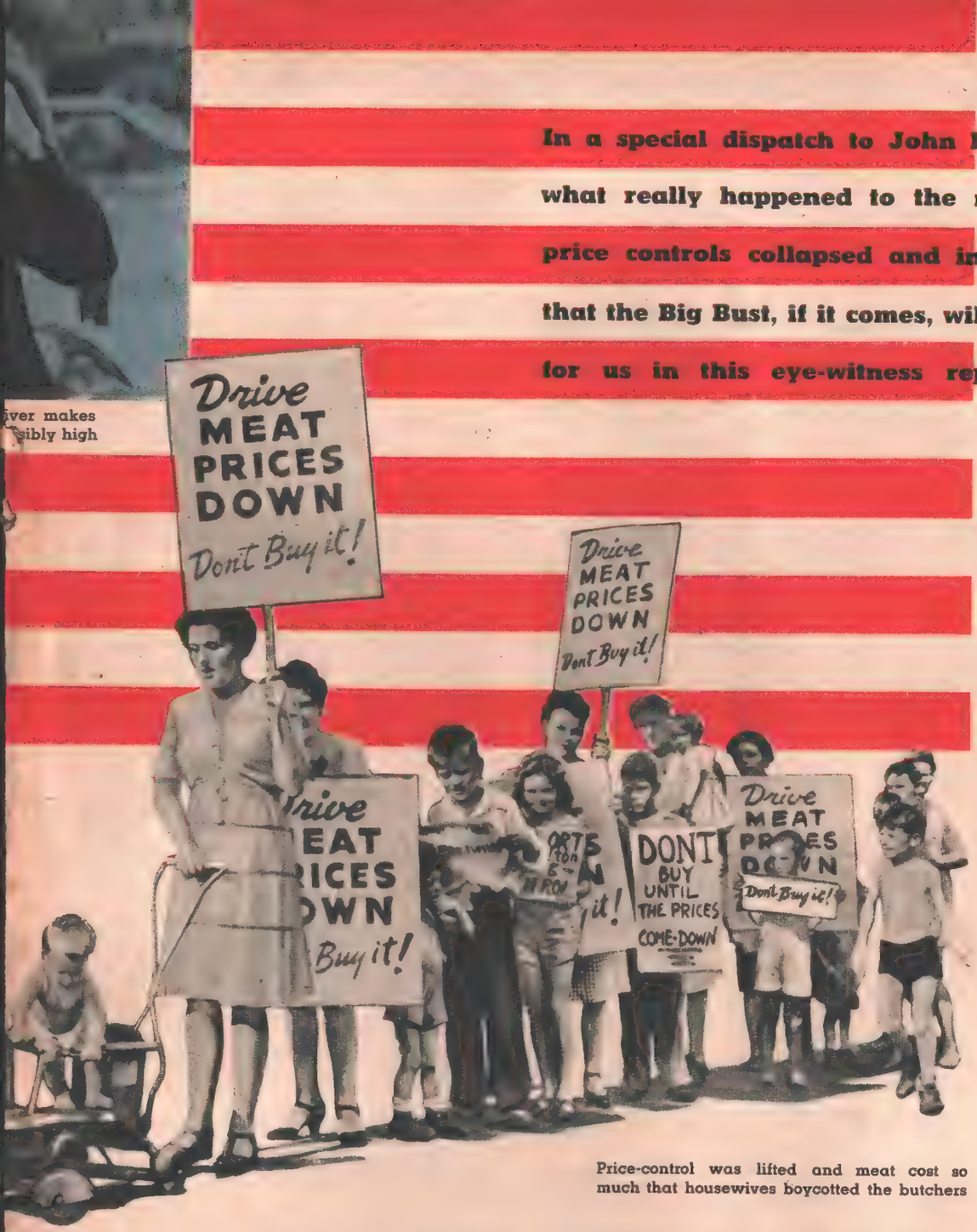


Price-control was lifted and meat cost so much that housewives boycotted the butchers

in prices since the virtual end of the OPA will probably cost Americans more than five hundred million pounds a year.

Housewives are cynical about what they call the impotent ruling of the Government's new committee, the Decontrol Board, which says that meat shall go back under a price ceiling. They expect many meatless days, unless they can meet the demands of the black market.

A Gallup Poll found that ninety-two per cent of the people expected all prices to boom in the next six months, which is a rare percentage of agreement for Americans. A conservative estimate of the rise is thirty per cent. It will come where it came before—in food and clothing, where it hurts most.

Meat ranges around 3s. a pound for the really cheap cuts to 5s. a pound, eggs 3s. 3d. a dozen, butter 4s. to 5s. a pound, bread 9d. a loaf, milk 1s. a quart. An average joint of roasting beef for a family of four costs 25s. to 30s.

Shirts cost £2 2s., short pants (underwear) 17s. 6d., men's suits £20. Pre-inflation prices would have been shirts 10s.; short pants, 2s. 6d.; men's suits, £10. In England these items are scarce or unobtainable. In America, potentially the land of prosperity, they are there but for millions are unobtainable because they cost so much.

A family which is being supported by a husband making £18 a week—our friends the Smiths—is not going to get far with these prices.

There have been organized buyers' strikes in several cities.

Housewives have paraded the streets with banners picketing shops and refusing to buy when the price control was taken off.

Only one buyers' strike, a miniature effort, proved effective. In Phoenix, Arizona, ice-cream vendors boosted their prices one cent, from five to six. Result: children refused to buy. By the third day the price was back to a nickel (five cents).

An ice-cream company in Washington, D.C., which sold their product in quart packages, was determined not to be defied so easily. When Government price control was in effect it had as its slogan: "The quart that gives you more for thirty-four" (that is, thirty-four cents, or 1s. 9d.). When price control was shut down and there were no more limits on prices it quickly changed this to read: "The quart that's great for thirty-eight."

The *New Yorker* reported this with the comment: "As far as we can see . . . there's no limit to this sort of combined financial and literary tinkering, and we're glad to offer the company a few inflationary suggestions of our own. 'The quart that's nifty for fifty' might, for example, strike a responsive note in a hesitant buyer; a slightly less appetizing slogan would be 'A quart like glue for sixty-two.' If things get bad but people are able to go on buying ice-cream, we recommend 'A pint should be plenty for $1.20' and, for ultimate use, 'Float a loan for a cone.'"

Prices Leap Up

When controls were killed and the citizens had their first scare of rocketing prices a few of the old-established department stores and merchandising chains pledged not to raise prices on present stocks. They were worried lest a sudden rise would bring OPA back with a rush.

Small business men tried to hold the line, too. A merchant in Tulsa, Oklahoma, angrily inserted an advertisement in the Tulsa *Tribune*: "Shrimp. We have it, but it's too high. I wouldn't buy. Regular twenty-cent size now eighty-nine cents." (A rise from 1s. to 4s. 6d.)

But despite these efforts on the part of the consumers and public-spirited merchants the Bureau of Labour Statistics reported that its food index had jumped 16.1 points in a single week after the death of OPA.

The greatest scandal is in rents. There is a bigger demand for homes than for anything else, yet there is nothing today in shorter supply. Consequently the rents the homeless are asked to pay, especially for furnished apartments in large cities, are enormous.

When price control ended many landlords increased their rents ten to fifteen per cent. Landlords more avaricious made spectacular headlines with fantastic increases—100 per cent to 1,000 per cent. Many of these, of course, wanted to evict tenants.

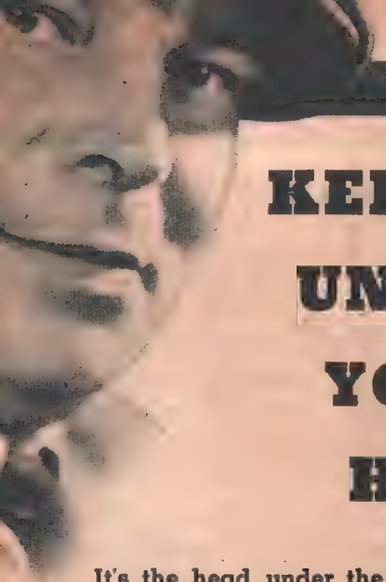
Will Ruin Follow?

In Berkeley, California, a student had his rent raised from £15 to £1,800 a month. His landlady didn't like him. She thus gave him the alternative of getting out or paying a monthly rent equivalent to ten years' at his present rate.

In the 1919-20 boom-and-bust, people had not worried about inflation. Their concern had been their personal high cost of living. Inflation was a vaguely understood thing which happened in Europe when street cleaners carted away bins and bins of useless printed money which people had dropped in the gutter like rubbish. Now it seems that Americans are more worried about inflation than anything else.

Big businessmen who see fast, immediate profits now that price control is removed, claim that by operating in a free economy prices will be driven down by production and competition.

Henry Smith hasn't seen it happen yet. His economic thesis is that without ceilings, prices will continue to spiral and ruin will be the result.



KEEP IT UNDER YOUR HAT

It's the head under the hat that matters, says John Bull's friendly philosopher. He writes of ex-officers who try to retain a military appearance in civilian life

I WAS SURPRISED TO READ, the other day, that there is a great new demand for bowler hats. According to my newspaper, this demand comes chiefly from ex-officers. It seems they want to wear a bowler hat of military cut in order to show that they *are* ex-officers.

It reminds me of the period just after the last war, when many demobbed officers retained their military titles, and insisted on being addressed, especially by their civilian subordinates, as "Major" or "Captain," or whatever their war-time rank happened to be.

But the demobbed "other ranks" got rather fed up with it. (In those days, chaps got fed up rather than browned off). Some of them asked to be addressed in return as "Corporal" and "Private." This, as they intended, made the whole thing look silly, and the habit was gradually dropped.

I had not expected to see it revived after this war. But if the bowler hat is now to be used as a badge to mark off the social distinction between the ex-officer and the ex-private, it seems we are in for the same old thing all over again.

Bowlers Look Queer

The use of a bowler hat, of all things, for such a purpose, seems a bit queer—and even quaint—at first sight. But I suppose it's because, in the period between the wars, many regular officers wore a bowler hat of a distinctive military type when not in uniform.

A friend of mine, a professional soldier, always wore such a bowler when off duty. Dressed in a lounge suit, with that bowler atop of it, he looked every inch a soldier. He must have been as good a soldier as he looked, too, for he rose to high rank during the war.

But, the other day, when I met him in the street, I was surprised to see that, in spite of his high rank, he was no longer wearing his military bowler. He was wearing a gay and rather floppy trilby.

I liked him in it. I felt it gave him a fine free-and-easy look—far less military and far more friendly.

I wasn't rude enough to comment on it, but I did wonder what had caused this sudden change.

Then I came home and read that news item; and began to wonder a little more. Can it be that the old regulars, becoming aware of this increased demand for bowlers, have decided to discard their one-time badge of rank, for fear they may be mistaken for the ex-war-time officers we see about us today?

If the old regulars are now going to give up their bowlers, the bowler will no longer be a sure and certain sign of an officer—ex or serving. It will simply be a sign that the wearer wants to look like an officer—which is not at all the same thing.

I should hate to spend money on a bowler, in order to look like an ex-officer, and then discover that I was only looking like a man trying to look like an ex-officer!

It seems to me that a man who does buy a special kind of hat in order to look like ex-something-or-other, is to be pitied. It means that he feels painfully unsure of himself as he is, and so tries to hide his present feeling of inferiority underneath a hat that proclaims the real or supposed glory of the personage he used to be.

And although my first inclination, on reading of this new use for the old bowler, was to laugh, I realized, when I thought it over, that I, too, have sometimes been glad to hide under a hat in a very similar way.

It's astonishing the comfort that a certain kind of hat, or uniform, or badge, can give you at times, especially when you're feeling uncertain of yourself.

For instance: I remember the comfort a bus-driver's hat sometimes used to give me. Bus driving was my war-time job. I chose it mainly because I preferred being in the open-air to working in a munition factory, and because I happen to be a good driver.

Tough on the Stomach

I believe that what makes me a good driver is my quick re-action to impending danger. Some people call it my "nervousness." I prefer to call it a high degree of awareness—my "sensitivity."

Anyway, whatever you call it, it tends to make a man who is gifted with it (or who suffers from it) extremely alert. He is always thinking ahead, always anticipating the danger round the next corner.

This is all to the good in peace-time. But it's apt to be a bit tough on a man's stomach in war-time. Especially when you're trying to drive to a fixed timetable in the blackout ("blinding on and hoping for the best" as we used to call it) with the lives of fifty or sixty passengers weighing on your mind. In war, you've simply got to do it. But you're driving against all your peace-time safety-first instincts.

The time comes when every nerve in your body wilts like a salted slug at the thought of making yet another journey under those conditions. At such moments, I found my bus-driver's cap and badge a great comfort. Many a night, I'd stand by the bus at the terminus, and watch the passengers crowding on—all apparently in sublime confidence, without thought of whether the man on the front could cope with the dangers lurking in the darkness ahead.

No one looked me in the eyes, read my feelings and stepped back aghast. Thanks to the hat I wore, they saw, not the man, but simply the driver.

This knowledge that I apparently looked all right outside, whatever I felt like inside, would act on me like a tonic—helping me to forget the man and his stomach, and to remember only the capable bus-driver, who would soon confidently let in his clutch and steer out into the darkness again.

It was only a little thing, of course; but it seemed quite important to me at the time.

My Bus-driver's Cap

And that's why I think twice before I laugh at the man who buys a bowler on his return to civvy street, in the hope of looking like an ex-officer. He may be getting the same comfort out of that bowler as I got out of my bus-driver's cap.

I can imagine two kinds of men who might want to wear that bowler. One type, the bullying type, might do it simply because he wanted to chuck his weight about. He might feel that being ostentatiously the ex-officer would give him greater opportunities of bullying his subordinates. A little ridicule would probably do him a lot of good.

But the other type—the type who, feeling all alone, and horribly naked, in the strange new life of civvy street, hopes to hide his feeling of timidity under an ex-officer's type of hat—I can feel only sympathy with him.

All the same, I don't think it's a wise mood in which to re-enter civilian life. It makes for a split personality—a painfully divided mind. The constant comparison between the "then" and the "now" is bound to prevent a man from giving himself wholeheartedly to his new life.

For all that, I can't say I've noticed any particular craving for bowler hats among the demobbed officers that I know. They don't appear to have any great desire to look like ex-officers—or to look like ex-anything.

What interests them is what they are today, and what they may become tomorrow—not what they were yesterday.

And that, it seems to me, is the only sensible way to tackle life at any time.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

life's irritations

THERE ARE MANY time-honoured maxims that badly need revision in the light of present-day experience. Take, for instance, "patience is a virtue." It all depends.

Isn't it often just sheer laziness to put up with irritations, injustices, abuses, in the hope that patience and time will set matters right when all the while it's up to us to bestir ourselves and *set* them right by perseverance and hard work?

To give up before you've even tried is idiotic. "Rise in the strength of the spirit to resist all that is unlike good" is a much better guide than the defeatist "patience is a virtue."

Patience can be a virtue—but it is only after we have made an effort, laid our plans and set our feet on the right road that the need for patience comes in.

And even then we must not just sit back and wait. We must be always on the alert, ready for anything, always prepared to jump up and push things along.

It is true that nothing of lasting worth was ever produced in a short time. The mushroom comes up in a night and perishes just as soon. The oak takes years to grow—but it endures. The secret of progression is not idle patience, but step-by-step effort.

Every day brings us some opportunity; and the constant challenge of life is to meet and improve that opportunity.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

When it came to a pack of cards, Harmann could beat anyone alive. But he found it a risky game to play with a dead man

The little man mopped his brow. "I don't like being beaten by luck, he said. 'Now I want my revenge'
ILLUSTRATED BY O'CONNELL
THE LAST TRICK
BY B. L. JACOT

THE MEN HAD GONE some time ago, leaving the huts deserted, when Harmann, the gang-boss, pulled his bicycle out of the shed at the back of the donkey engine, and shoved the door shut with a backward thrust of his boot.

He was thinking the boys would be half-way to Chichester now, on the bus, headed, like himself, for a spree.

The sun was slanting across the groin, casting peaceful shadows over the sands. The few clouds in the sky were rose-tinted from the setting sun. A lovely evening with little hint of the night-marish happenings that were to fasten feverishly on Harmann before the night was out.

The back tyre was flat and as he stooped for the pump Harmann noticed a visitor—a rare sight in this out-of-the-way spot—coming up along the beach. A red-faced, tubby little man, he was gazing open-mouthed at the pile-driver in its high triangular frame.

Harmann ignored him and began pumping the tyre. He was anxious to get into Chichester and a little game of cards in a room at the back of the "Blue Boar." He was a man with an over-riding passion for cards.

"What are you building here?" the stranger asked.

"Breakwater," Harmann grunted.

The little man sat down on the edge of the ramp, puffed by his climb up the sand dune cliff. He mopped at his brow. "Walked it from Empsham," he confided in a friendly way. "Best part of four miles I should think. Mind if I sit down for a bit?"

"Please yourself. I'm off soon as I get this perishing tyre blown up, and there's no one here to object—nor for miles around, come to that."

A PACK of cards had fallen out of the foreman's jacket tossed aside on the grass. "You'll lose your cards," the little man told him. "I'm fond of a game myself—sociable like, eh?" He gave a snorting little laugh, almost a giggle.

Harmann nodded and thrust the cards into his hip pocket. He generally carried this pack with him. Sometimes he would play with some of the chaps in the bunk-house at night, and he knew what would happen to the only pack of cards if he was careless enough to leave it lying about.

There was another thought at the back of his head now. This chap had a holiday-making look — evidently got money to spend and nothing much to do. New tweed jacket and a hat that must have cost money, and a touch of the yokel about him.

Now what Harmann liked about cards was not so much the play as winning money, and he generally came out richer than he went in, especially playing with the chaps at night or with the yokels at the back of the "Blue Boar."

He stopped pumping and straightened up. "As a matter of fact I was hurrying off myself for a game of cards with some friends. My night off. Ever played peaknuckle? That's what we play among the chaps here. German game."

"I could learn. I wouldn't mind a sit down indoors."

Harmann nodded. He shoved the bicycle back into the shed and signed the other into the bunkhouse with him. He cleared one end of the long table,

by IAN FOX

Spare the Rod

THE QUESTION of whether schoolboys should be caned or not seems to have cropped up again. In the old days, they just walloped the kid and forgot about it. So did he.

But now psychologists seem to think that every stroke of a cane knocks complexes and inhibitions into a boy like driving nails into a block of wood. Parents have caught on to the idea, too. In fact, nowadays caning seems to hurt parents and psychologists more than the boys.

★ ★ ★

"Come in! Ah, Smith Minor. Hmm, I'm sorry to see you here again. Mr. Williams reports to me that you engaged in persistent tom-foolery during the history hour today."

"Please, sir——"

"Quiet! Mr. Williams tells me that you crawled along the floor to his desk and cut his bootlaces."

"Please, sir, I——"

"Don't answer back, boy! What makes you think than an irresponsible little fool like you can interrupt the work of a whole class in their serious studies?"

"Please, sir——"

"Don't interrupt! Mr. Williams also tells me that you put carbide in the ink pots."

"Please, sir——"

"I am compelled to take a serious view of such discreditable behaviour. Stand over here. I may say that this hurts me more than it does you. Bend over. . . ."

★ ★ ★

"Hey, Smithy, how many did you get?"

"Ten of the best."

"Oooh, you liar! We were listening in the passage and only heard six."

"You want to wash your ears. Ten, I tell you."

"Don't believe you. Bet it was six."

"All right, I'll show you the marks. Look—one, two, three . . ."

"I said so—there's only six! Pooh, what's six! Jimmy Smith's a bragger, Jimmy Smith's a bragger!"

"Just you wait till I get my trousers done up. . . ."

★ ★ ★

"Well, Jimmy, how did you get on at school today?"

"All right, mum. Except that I got a caning."

"Caning! My poor boy. How many strokes?"

"Er—six, mum."

"Six!! But this is barbarous! That headmaster of yours is a savage, sadistic monster. Go straight to bed, my darling, and I'll call the doctor."

"Oh, don't be an old fuss-pot, mum. I'm going to bike round to see Jonesy. He's much worse off than I am. Old Stinker Williams gave him three hundred lines and he's got to stay in and do them."

oilcloth covered, then shot his companion a friendly grin. "Here we are, mate!"

He was thinking he might take this chap for two or three pounds, not more. He would have about five or six quid on him but would scare off when he'd lost a couple of them. And yet—there was that prosperous look about him. Paunch, pinkish tint to his cheeks. Did himself well, no doubt.

He pulled out his pack and slid the cards over the table.

There was nothing wrong with that pack of cards—Harmann was no card-sharp. He just had that overruling passion for winning easy money. He explained the game.

"A bit like *vingt-et-un*," his companion acknowledged. "How much for?"

"We play a half-crown limit," Harmann said. "Just to give an edge to your luck."

THE little man nodded and play began. In the first three games Harmann won thirty-five shillings. His opponent was slow and a little clumsy. From the way he handled the cards Harmann could see he hadn't played a great deal, but he was picking up the game and getting keen.

In the first half-hour Harmann won a little over four pounds and when the other suggested raising the stakes he smiled, quick to observe the attempt they all make to win back their losses. It was one of those days when the cards came his way. Now he had eleven pound notes at his elbow.

"Take it easy," he suggested. "Your luck's terrible. This is only a game."

He went to his bunk and brought a bottle of gin to the table. He poured out two generous drinks.

The little man mopped his brow. "I don't like to be beaten by luck," he said. "Luck's a stuff that will change. I want my revenge!"

Harmann finished his swig and grinned. He had got this chap where he wanted him, and it seemed he had more money to waste than you'd expect.

It soon became obvious that for a while the run of the luck *had* changed. Harmann wasn't holding the cards and, of course, he was going down more often. He lost six pounds in as many minutes and his temper began to smoulder. This wasn't going to be such easy money as he'd imagined!

Before he realized it, Harmann's pile of winnings was gone and he was digging into his wallet. The grin on the other's face brought a flush to Harmann's cheeks.

"You raised the stakes," he snapped. "It's my turn now. What about ten bob?"

His opponent looked startled. "I don't know. . . ."

"So it's different when you're winning!"

There was a shake in the little man's dealing hand but he looked Harmann straight in the eye. "All right. If you think that," he agreed.

It seemed there was a devil in the cards that night. Harmann lost eight pounds—fourteen—twenty-two pounds. He stopped to pour out two more drinks and he gulped his own feverishly. He knew he couldn't stop now. He was going to get his money back or bust—luck like this little chap's couldn't go on for ever, could it?

But there was a snag. Harmann had come to the end of his hoard of ready money—back pay and winnings.

"Like to quit?" his opponent asked.

"I'm not quitting with all that on the wrong side," Harmann ground out. He knew what he was going to do then. In the steel safe in his hut was a cash box with £83 in it—next week's wage roll. "I'll get some more cash," he said. "You've got the devil's own luck!"

The sun had set now and he lit the hurricane lamp, placing it on the table. The tide was out and a queer sort of desolation seemed to have enveloped them—two men crouched over a lamp in a hut lost in the greed of gambling fever. Harmann shuffled, the little man cut, and he flicked the pasteboards over the oilcloth.

In less than half an hour Harmann had lost forty-eight pounds of the pay roll. "You'd better quit," his companion suggested mildly, and Harmann turned on him like a wolf.

"When I want to quit I'll let you know! *Deal!*"

IT took a little over twenty minutes. Harmann lost the lot. For a while he sat staring straight before him, haggard and drawn, with the fever now burnt out. He could see now what he had done and he knew it meant—jail. He couldn't believe that this had happened to him.

With a hand that shook, he wiped the sweat from his forehead. He still had a hope with this decent-looking chap.

"Look," he said, almost humbly. "There's a reason for me asking—but, I suppose you couldn't let me have some money back? Lend it to me?"

"Lend it to you? You mean to start again?" He was tucking the money away in his wallet.

"No, no! I'm never going to touch cards again! I—I hadn't the right to take that money. It wasn't mine—that last eighty quid. I've got to replace it!"

"You shouldn't have taken what didn't belong to you," the little man reproved. "Always leads to trouble."

Harmann gripped the edge of the table. "You're right, mate. Now, if you can just help me—I'll pay you back, every penny of the eighty quid."

He smiled and Harmann's hopes rose dizzily. But: "*Me* hand you back eighty quid?" the little man echoed incredulously. "That's pretty good!"

"I tell you it means clink for me!" Harmann cried wildly.

"You should have thought of that before, my friend."

"Let me explain——"

"I'm going," the little man said. "Getting late." He walked towards the door in a hurry to get away, and the sight of him going turned anguish like a knife in Harmann's chest. A frenzy seized him, roaring in his ears like a forest fire. . . .

Harmann was standing over his visitor, who lay slumped on the boards. The little man's eyes were protruding as if they were trying to push out of the skull which was crushed.

Harmann began to think. He was saddled with a corpse, and he had to get rid of it. A terrible position, but there were sides to it.

Who had seen this little man arrive? No one. Who knew he was in the camp? No one. Who would know any different if this man's body were found in the sea? Fell off the groin perhaps.

And wasn't Harmann supposed to be in Chichester, miles away from this spot? The boys would all swear to that—if he came home with them as usual.

Harmann lifted the body and carried it through the darkness out on to the ramp. He emptied the wallet of money and tipped the body carefully down forty feet on to the lower works of the breakwater. It fell with a crash. The incoming tide would soon float it out to sea. Then he pumped up his tyre and pedalled for Chichester.

HE was just in time to find the men collected at the bus stop and he was careful to chat with them until their bus left. Harmann followed on the bicycle and joined in the sing-song as they walked back to camp.

No one noticed anything wrong at the camp. Nothing was wrong. Harmann slept that night confident that he had safely turned a nasty corner. Nor was he disturbed early next morning when a shout brought him with the rest of the men to the edge of the ramp. The boy had spotted a body impaled on a stake.

"Mucking about the place last evening," Murphy decided. "Fell off the ramp and hit his head. Dead long before he was drowned."

"We must let the police know," Harmann said. He sent the boy off on his bicycle. "Tide's been up and over him. Better not touch the body."

Work went on as usual that morning, but the police had not arrived before the tide began to wash round the corpse. Harmann ordered them to lift it off the groin and carry it up to the ramp.

Murphy stayed behind when the others clumped away from the office, and, looking up, Harmann was surprised to see something uneasy in the other's eyes.

"What's wrong, Murphy?" he snapped. "Know him or something?"

The Irishman shook his head. "Boss," he said. "You were in Chichester, weren't you? You never see this chap before, did you?"

"Haven't seen him yet," Harmann told him. "Of course I was in Chichester with the rest of you. You saw me."

"We all know you were in Chichester, boss." He kicked at the ground. "You know how fond you are of a game of cards——"

"What's that got to do with this chap falling off the groin and killing himself?"

"Boss, it ain't no business of mine." The Irishman looked up quickly and met his eyes. "I ain't saying nothing and you can do what you like." He flicked a sodden playing card on to the table. "The ace of spades," he said. "Out of your pack you always carry in your pocket. I found it up that chap's sleeve."

THIS WEEK'S COVER

HYDE PARK PARLIAMENT

The varied characters who throng the scene at London's Orators' Corner, Marble Arch, suggested this unusual composite painting to Robert Bartlett—a newcomer to our covers. As he moved through the crowd, he drew lightning sketches on the backs of envelopes, and from a jigsaw of roughly outlined figures, he composed a picture which captures the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the scene. Bartlett studied art at the Slade School, painted in the south of France, and later produced the series of railway posters which are famous as the "poor man's art gallery."

Every Arsenal match used to be treated as a cup final by the other side, says HANNEN SWAFFER. Can the club regain that glory? Faced with an overdraft and a star famine, George Allison has the toughest job in football

INQUEST ON ARSENAL

by HANNEN SWAFFER

George Allison, secretary-manager of the Arsenal. He hopes to confound the cynics

WAS IT, INDEED, "the end of the mighty Arsenal," as the bitterest of the cynics were saying?

The club that, before the war, was an all-star team shared a place at the bottom of the First League. Relegation looked more than a possibility! George Allison, the secretary-manager, was suffering from the biggest headache in British sport.

Yet, when I called on him, you would not have thought so. George has been used to headaches ever since, in 1934, he took charge of the Arsenal, succeeding the great Herbert Chapman, shouldering, indeed, the heaviest burden in the realm of football.

Such was the fame of the Arsenal team before the war that they were expected to win every game they played. Such, too, was their renown that every match, George Allison used to tell me, was regarded by the other side as a cup final.

Beating Arsenal ranked as an ambition next to winning the Cup or becoming League champions. So, in order to beat Arsenal, some clubs would descend to tactics they scorned to use against other teams. Allison, to explain it, quotes Churchill's phrase about "the measure of their hate is the measure of their fear."

So, after every match, Allison would count up the injured—and wonder how many of them would be fit for the next weekend's game.

Then there was the frequent problem of filling the gaps when the Arsenal's internationals were called away to play for their different countries. The better the side became, the more it was penalized.

Those problems, however, much as they worried George in the old days, were small compared with that which faces him today. It dates back to what some football managers regarded, at the time, as an overdose of patriotism.

The surrender at Munich had warned far-seeing people of the dangers ahead. Sir Walter Kirke was appealing for volunteers for the auxiliary forces. George Allison, moved by an overwhelming enthusiasm, made an address to his forty-two professionals. His speech was so persuasive that all forty-two joined a Royal Fusiliers battalion.

So, in September, 1939, all the Arsenal team were automatically called up.

Star Players Wounded

One by one the stars returned from battle centres all over the globe. But when the post-war season started, some Arsenal top-liners, including Leslie Compton, Reg Lewis and Bryn Jones, for whom Allison had paid the record price of £14,000—for which he got only one season's play before 1939—were still out of the game!

Indeed, four costly internationals — Drake, Crayston, Kirchen and Barnes—were so badly injured that they retired from football.

Some of the League clubs benefited because of the war. Blackpool, for instance, had the advantage of being able to use all the players who arrived at the R.A.F.'s training centre in the town.

But it was Arsenal's ill fortune to suffer in every way. Not only the team was called up. So was the ground itself. "Our Highbury stadium was built as a monument to British football," Allison told me. "It involved an outlay of nearly £250,000. After all, we were making an annual profit of from £20,000 to £25,000 in those days." The magnificent ground, with two of the finest stands in the country, was commandeered.

The club suffered because of its enterprise in building so well and so lavishly. Less well-equipped football grounds escaped from being requisitioned.

So the Arsenal stands became, first, a clearing station for evacuees and then an air-raid shelter which housed 1,500 people a night, a Civil Defence headquarters with decontamination rooms, and the biggest casualty station serving the North London area.

Where international players had dressed and their would-be successors learned passing tactics from lessons on a blackboard, doctors and nurses were in constant residence. Allison's own office was almost the only part of the Arsenal organization that remained. The team played its London matches on Tottenham Hotspur's ground. There was no second eleven and the "nursery" came to an end. So young men could not be trained.

Then came the calamity of October, 1940—the bombing of the ground.

But the big problem today is in Allison's office—how to rebuild the team so that it can be worthy of the Arsenal's splendid past?

In the old days, George could go rushing round the country with an open cheque-book. His was the richest club in the land. Most of the clubs would fall to the blandishments of his bank balance. They merely put a price on their stars.

Today it is a very different matter. Other clubs have money now. Newcastle, for instance, spent £20,000 in a few weeks in buying players who, the directors hope, will carry the club back into the First League. Allison faced, when I saw him, a mortgage of £130,000, a banker's overdraft of £30,000 and the fact that he could not get a further advance.

Without it, new players could not be bought. Without the new players, big gate-money could not for long be attracted. Without the big gate-money, the overdraft could not be met. Yet, even if the money were there, where could the players be found? So the problem went round, a continuous circle, in Allison's mind.

Soccer's Master Showman

He was football's master showman—formerly its best broadcaster and commentator, and the man who, at important games, had acted as host, not only to our own King and Queen, but nearly all the Allied monarchs; to Eisenhower, too, and most of the naval, military and flying chiefs. It was he who, to give the game more glamour, had induced Lords Lonsdale, Granard, Westmorland and Castlereagh to join Arsenal's board of directors.

Now he was keenly criticized all the more because of his club's achievements in the past—four League championships between 1933 and 1938 and two English Cups and two other Wembley finals between 1927 and 1936. No wonder gates of 60,000 and 70,000 were frequent at Highbury. No wonder that fans came from as far away as Aylesbury, Maidstone and Tunbridge Wells and that there was a solid support of as many as 25,000 "hail, rain or shine."

Allison's great quality is his friendliness. I knew him as far back as forty years ago when he first came to Fleet Street from Darlington to write about football. I remember his first scoop—a message from Kitchener to the *Sporting Life* about some sporting matter—and the jobs that it got for him on the London staffs, first of the *New York Herald* and then of Hearst. It was for the latter that he sold comic strips here, Ripley and stuff like that.

I remember, too, Allison being offered the post of stable manager to an American chocolate millionaire who wanted to win the Derby. He died, though, before George accepted it.

Allison gave up journalism to follow Herbert Chapman at Highbury. And, till the war began, he did splendidly.

The players like him because of his understanding. "My worst job is breaking the news to a man who has to be dropped from the first team," he once told me. "That is tough. I hate to hurt any of the chaps. But it has to be done. Generally, players are very easy to manage. They are so keen, so eager, so bent on winning!"

All day, Allison's telephone rings with inquiries —"Is Lewis playing next Saturday?" He has made the Arsenal "news"—and Fleet Street is always tracking him down.

But today people ask something that Allison cannot answer: "How will the Arsenal team be built up into its old self again?"

Allison, facing that, pulls out his overdraft . . . and wonders.

Free Speech

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

WORK—AND LIKE IT

ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S great needs today is for more good, honest craftsmen. Good "tradesmen" are becoming rare among the young generation.

The craftsmen's qualities are lacking. The spirit of the true artist to enrich the world by his efforts, however humble; the urge to raise the general level of his craft; and the enjoyment of creating examples of good workmanship seem to have passed away. With these qualities a tradesman has pride and dignity. He is assured of his place in the world by virtue of his value.

But for every craftsman today, there are hundreds who are shallow, shoddy, untidy workers who live only for the knock-off whistle and the pay envelope.

Once I heard an old craftsman being exhorted by his younger mate to book more time than they had worked. The older man shook his head. "I can work for what I get," he said. "I want nothing from nobody."

That is the spirit that made Britain. "Britain can't make it" without that spirit. We must get back to the idea that a man's trade is an essential part of his life—not just a necessary evil.—J. F. BOTT, Mossley Road, Birmingham 12.

Man Wants Den

AFTER YEARS OF AGITATION, women are now getting decent kitchens in the new houses. But what about husbands? No one ever thinks of putting up houses with some place that can be used as a workshop.

When a man gets home from work the children are in bed and he dare not hammer or saw a piece of wood. He has nowhere to do the odd jobs that should occupy his leisure. I would like to see some agitation on behalf of the men for a change.—L. W. COX, 5 Old Hall Avenue, Alvaston, Derby.

Slice of Life

WHEN I WAS SITTING IN A PUB in a poor part of Manchester, a cat jumped on my knee. "What a bonny cat," I said to the nice old man next to me. "I hates 'em," he snapped back. "Hates 'em like 'ell."

I wondered why and he explained, "A cat killed the best pal I ever had—a mouse I tamed in my cell when I was in Strangeways Jail."—T. PRICE, 14 Edith Avenue, Moss Side, Manchester.

Threat or Thrill?

IF WE DO NOT GO TO WORK often enough to suit the Ministry of Fuel and Power we are "threatened" with being called up for the Army. Yet all the time we see posters giving glowing accounts of a Service career.—R. A. SMITH, Miners' Hostel, Green Lane, Nuneaton, Warwickshire.

Bachelors' Rights

SOMEONE SHOULD TAKE UP the question of bachelors' rights. In a democratic society, surely a man has the right to marry or not, as he chooses. Why then penalise bachelors?

I have a small flatlet for which I find it impossible to buy furniture, sheets or curtains. They are on the "permit" list, and the Government decrees, in effect, that I must marry before I can get such articles and live in decent comfort.

Spinsters have their leagues to fight for them. Why not a Militant Movement of Unmarried Males?—F. KENLEY, London, S.W.19. (Address enclosed.)

American Idea

ONE LOVES THE AMERICANS—but they are funny. From the magazines which I receive, it seems clear that the whole of the industrial resources of the

"Slim while you iron"

United States are now mobilized to save the American housewife from work.

And the latest idea is to supply a chart of exercises with a new electric iron so that the housewife can keep slim while she is ironing her husband's shirt.—MRS. JANET GREEN, Accrington, Lancs.

Gloomy Sunday

ONE OF YOUR WRITERS suggests that the Victorian Sunday is passing away. I worked as a Bevin boy for two years in South Wales. On Sunday—our only free day of the week—the local recreation ground, supported by the Miners' Welfare Fund, was closed all day. There were no cinemas open.

One Sunday afternoon, from sheer boredom, the boys held a cricket match among themselves. The vicar objected, and from then on our ground was barred to us on Sundays.

The Sunday evening concerts which we organized within our own hostel were constantly attacked by a local purity league and church council. In the end most of us stayed in bed on the Sabbath.—ANTHONY HALL, 163a Underhill Road, East Dulwich, London, S.E.22.

Short Smoke

DURING THE INTERVAL at a cinema show a friend of mine lit one of her much-queued-for cigarettes. The lights were lowered and immediately someone in a seat behind tapped her on the shoulder and asked for a light.

My friend passed her cigarette over without turning round. A few seconds later a cigarette came back—about an inch long. And the borrower had gone.—MISS MARY M'INTYRE, 49 Station Road, Bannockburn, Scotland.

River Home

IF MANY PEOPLE FOLLOW your reader's excellent advice and build their own temporary houses, they should realize that their dwellings need not necessarily be on land.

The Admiralty is now selling more surplus small boats. I got a hull for £50, fitted an old garage on top, and have no qualms at all about this winter's cold. I would not say my ship's lines would please the Royal Navy, but I am satisfied until the building situation settles down.—A. E. R., Thames-side. (Name and address enclosed.)

"Why, Charlie, you're blushing"

Turnover in Pearls

HERE IS A GOOD EXAMPLE of the rise in the price of luxury goods. While turning out some personal things recently, I came across a string of "pearls" that had cost me sixpence before the war. I took it along to a jeweller who was advertising for old trinkets. He examined it carefully and asked if I would take 15s. I did!—MRS. K. STOTT, 10 West End Road, Barnsley, Yorks.

Future Addict?

FATHER COULD NOT FIND his football coupon and had to miss his weekly flutter. The following week the missing

"Undecipherable — Void"

form turned up, returned by the pool firm marked "Undecipherable—Void."

The columns had been filled in with a strange jumble of hieroglyphics, but apparently the address had been discovered by the code number. It turned out that sonny, aged four and a half, had been having a shot.—H. SLATER, 92 Pengwern Road, Ely, Cardiff.

Those Middlemen

I WAS PLEASED TO SEE your article "Stop This Marketing Muddle." Not long ago I sent some cooking apples to the fruit market and was astounded to receive an invoice which showed me that they had realized the magnificent sum of one halfpenny a pound. The same kind of apples were being sold in the shops for anything between 5d. and 8d. a pound.

There is something radically wrong when a producer gets less than ten per cent of the price of an article and the middlemen the rest. It is a simple matter, as things stand, for rings of buyers at the markets to force down fruit prices to a ridiculous level.

The grower is not protected by minimum control prices as the consumer is by the maximum Government prices.—C. H., near Worcester. (Name and address enclosed.)

Higher Mathematics

WHAT LUCK! I got a barber who did not talk. His silence gave me a chance to do something I have often wanted to do. I counted the number of scissor cuts and presses on the clippers required for one haircut. It came to the surprising total of 700.

A barber averaging thirty haircuts a day, six days a week, must, in a working life of forty years, snip and squeeze 250,000,000 times. This does not allow for the men with thinning hair. — J. RARITY, 68 Russell Street, Burnbank, Hamilton, Lanarkshire.

Counter-measure

I SERVE IN A GROCERY STORE. Some time ago a parcel of sweetened beverage arrived and was put on display. It was excellent stuff, but new to the locality, and no one bought it.

The next day the whole consignment was put under the counter and "introduced" to each customer. The lot was cleared in a few hours.—"ASSISTANT," Outwell, Wisbech. (Name and address enclosed.)

ARE SCHOOL BOOKS AGAIN TO TEACH HATE?

After the first World War, school history books, especially in Germany and France, became vehicles for race hatred. Must it happen again? Can the United Nations find a way of keeping lies out of the classroom?

by DAVID COLVIN

ONE MORNING BEFORE HITLER came into power, a class of Berlin elementary schoolchildren patiently practised writing. From a copybook they wrote again and again "Reuter's Agency, the fabricator of War Lies."

When they passed into the senior forms, they read: "War is not a destructive but a creative force, which builds society." And that came from a pre-Nazi German history book.

Pointing to such examples, educationalists are anxiously asking if UNO can prevent school textbooks plunging into the same orgy of national hatred and war propaganda that followed the first World War. They fear a resumption of the twisted "history" which, when it did not actually glorify war, taught impressionable adolescents that neighbouring nations were one's natural enemies.

Especially do they fear that, under influence of the "Atom-Bomb Russia" campaign, American writers of school books may tend to adopt the same attitude towards the Soviet Union as the French and Germans adopted towards each other after Versailles.

No reader of French textbooks between 1919 and 1939 could doubt the inevitability of the Battle of France. Generations of children, in both France and Germany, were brought up to hate their "traditional enemy."

Kiddies Want to Kill

From such textbooks as *Selected Passages for Recitation*, French children were taught sentences like "You know, mother, that I too wish to kill some of the Boches." Even a kindergarten reader, with words broken up into syllables, published in 1923, described the Germans as "barbarians and thieves" in contrast to "the kindly French people."

In three years 400,000 copies of Fournier's *School Reading-Book*, containing fifty-five lessons on hatred against the Germans, were distributed to French schools. This book spoke of Germany as "the hereditary enemy . . . the hatred of whom passes from father to son." Each lesson was headed with an illustration of a German atrocity or a brave French soldier killing a Hun.

Fournier's *The French Peace* told French schoolchildren that the Versailles Treaty was "lovely, noble. . . . It is a healing, and, let us hope, a final peace." Secondary-school children in Germany, however, learnt in Kahnmeyer and Schultz's *Book of Truths* that in the Versailles Treaty there "was to be found no trace of justice and the spirit of conciliation, but only hate."

This corruption of history in order to glorify or whitewash one's own country breeds young minds ready to accept war. British textbooks are far from free of such perversions.

Classic example of this approach to "history" may be seen in the Battle of Waterloo. A British schoolchild learns that Wellington won the battle. German children learn that Blücher not merely won it, but saved Wellington from a nasty hole.

Pre-Nazi German textbooks blamed the collapse of the German Empire in 1918 on "Bolshevik gold." Gerstenberg, for example, tells children that the German Social Democrats "prepared a revolution with Russian gold." French school books, however, such as Gauthier and Deschamp's *Advanced Course* for senior students, describe Lenin as a "dangerous German agent" who secured power by the "lavish distribution of German gold."

When the first Labour majority on the L.C.C. was returned in 1934, history books which had such an obvious bias were cleared out of the London schools. Today the Government wants similar action on an international scale.

Last May, the British delegate to the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization pressed for a complete revision of school textbooks.

UNESCO, whose priority job is tackling the world's 360,000,000 illiterates, hopes that some governments will undertake a voluntary "purge" of their history books A few countries have done so in the past.

After the first World War, Austria purged its textbooks of chauvinist hatred.

The Australian State of Victoria gave a lead to progressive governments when the Minister of Education in its first Labour Government, in 1924, declared: "I am going to exclude from the school books anything likely to inflame the minds of youths with ambition for war. I intend to explain to the children the causes of war and the influences that bring it about."

But these examples are few indeed. The League of Nations' efforts to stop the teaching of national hatred in schools were completely ineffectual. Can the United Nations do any better?

One of the first tasks of UNESCO, after completing their removal from London to Paris, will be to seek international action on "cleaning up" history and geography books.

A report is being drawn up on the state of the world's school books. This will be presented to an international conference, summoned to meet in Paris in November. Official delegates from the various governments, as well as representative writers from each country, will attend.

This report is expected only to outline the situation, emphasise the need for revision of textbooks, and explain what has already been done by the old League of Nations' International Committee on intellectual co-operation.

Decisions about purging textbooks will be left to the conference.

The delegates are likely to agree that a history textbook suitable for all countries is impossible, and that nations must still have their own books; but experts are not very optimistic about governments eliminating chauvinism and militarism from their school books. They feel that rigorous action by the United Nations is necessary. If so, two steps may be proposed.

They'll "Vet" the Books

A bureau of UNESCO may be charged with the task of "vetting" textbooks. UNESCO would then issue a report stating plainly which books are unsuitable because of their undemocratic and militaristic propaganda.

Secondly, UNESCO may seek to encourage teachers' organizations throughout the world to protest against such books being used in their schools. It is pointed out that while UNESCO can give publicity to dangerous textbooks, the teachers themselves can act—by refusing to use offending books.

Before the rise of Fascism, Europe's schoolteachers did good work against warmongers.

Teachers in both Germany and France fought the growing national hatred after the first World War. In Germany they succeeded in getting a declaration that "The aim of education is the creation of international peace" included as Article 148 of the Weimar Constitution.

During 1919 the teachers of two French departments obtained the removal of an inspector who inserted into the history curriculum an allegation that Russia "betrayed" the Allies. A conference of French teachers in July, 1922, drew up a list of books which taught war-hatred. In 1924 they secured the withdrawal of illustrations showing Huns shooting and raping French children.

Will he grow up a killer? He will if his school books teach him racial hatred and lust for war

Of course, UNESCO will have to recognize that radical differences exist in interpreting history. Here the experts fear another American-Soviet clash.

Can we expect the history of the second World War, or its causes, to appear the same to the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.? Soviet textbooks always interpret history from a "working-class viewpoint." They devote chapters to the development of trade union, Labour and Co-operative movements.

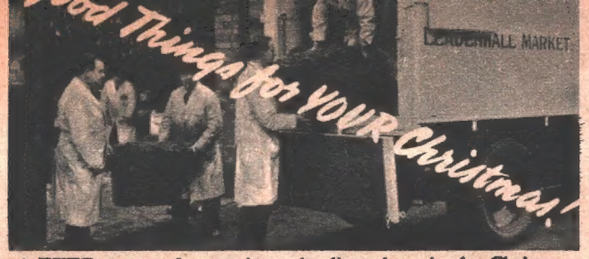
Books used in U.S. schools are, however, usually produced by supporters of private ownership of industry who are opposed to any public control.

If, therefore, UNESCO advocates that school books should put the case for Socialism as well as the orthodox "line," will America oppose this? Should there be a dispute of this character, backward governments will exploit it to prevent any "purge" of textbooks.

American educationalists are concerned lest the "Deep South" mentality, which vies with Hitler in denouncing Liberals and Communists alike—which burns the history books of H. G. Wells and Van Loon, attacks trade unionism, lynches negroes as the Nazis did Jews, and forbids the teaching of evolution—shall, by this sort of obstruction, prevent the democratization of the world's history books.

Wars aren't made in the schoolroom. But what children learn in their impressionable years can bear pretty hideous fruit when war does come.

It is good news that UNESCO is getting down to the task of devising something which will act as an early sharp frost on the Tree of Race Hatred.



AFTER years of austerity prize-lists, here is the Christmas news you have been hoping for—news which means good things on December 25 in the homes of over 1,000 readers.

Yes, as many as 1,000 big Christmas and New Year Hampers, plus hundreds of Christmas Fowls, have been reserved for JOHN BULL'S prize-winners. And the first big batch of them, headed by a bumper First of £500 cash for a *Bullet*, is waiting to be won this week.

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,549

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus £20 Radio:
D. INCE, 48 Harrison Road, Chorley, Lancs.:
Our Village Team—Chelsea's "Air"—Pensioners' "Wind"!

SECOND PRIZE, £50 and £20 Radio: R. J. Smithers, 3 Glenturret Street, Tollcross, Glasgow, E.2: **It's A Free Country, So—*Can* Say "*Is* It?"** THIRD PRIZE, £25 and £20 Radio: J. R. Walsh, 40 Hanson Street, Redcar: **Autumn Leaves—Warm Tint—Cold Hint.**

Ten £20 RADIO PRIZES: J. Ax, 9 Jackson Avenue, Ponteland: **If We'd More Parsons—With "Goods," Churchgoers Queueing.** H. W. Ashton, Oak Lodge, Hoole Village, Chester: **Wonderful Day—Tomorrow, *If* World "Wakens"!** D. Currie, c/o Brown, 12 Queen Square, Glasgow, S.1: **Racing Against Time—Always? Watch Your "Ticker"!** W. H. Dormer, 35 Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield: **Demanding More—From You, Your Demands.** R. Evans, 6 Dunstall Road, Sharston, Wythenshawe: **Fritz's Future—Not Lash, But Leash.** T. R. Evans, Sunnybank, Peniel Green, Llansamlet, Swansea: **Wonderful Day—Despite Kissing Bride's Mother!** F. Holland, 37 Downham Crescent, Heaton Park, Manchester: **Our Village Team—Worried—Supporter Demanding House!** Mrs. A. L. Jones, 3 Addison Crescent, Old Trafford, Manchester, 16: **Racing Against Time—Dad's Tomato—Green, Amber—.** J. Trencher, 13 Barton Street, Golborne, near Warrington: **After All—Man's "Unearthed," Buried Sooner? W. V.** Young, 12 Gardner Road, Guildford: **Racing Against Time—Barmaid—"Lapping Steadily," Dad!**

50 prizes of £1 and 1,300 "Good Shot" prizes have been dispatched to winners.

"BULLETS" £500 and HAMPERS GALORE!

WANTED—1,613 Winners

First Prize, £500 plus Christmas Bird; Second, £50 plus Bird; Third, £25 plus Bird; 10 Prizes of £10 each plus Bird; 100 Giant £3 Hampers; 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes, each with £20 opportunity.

(Each 12 lb. Christmas Bird will be Turkey or Goose, as available; all Christmas Hampers contain Fowl, Plum Pudding, Cigarettes, etc., etc.)

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

This week's prize efforts show some winning styles; for further help, enclose *Bulletin* label below with your entry.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

THIS LITTLE ISLAND
WATCH-DOG WINSTON
ON LIFE'S HIGHWAY
THE WORKERS
NEVER AGAIN
BLOT ON CIVILIZATION
OUGHT TO BE STOPPED
NO USE
TAUGHT HIM A LESSON
BELOW THE SURFACE
GOOD THING
BURNING QUESTION
TANTALIZING
PAIN IN THE NECK
FLYING START

IT'S A GAMBLE, BUT
AUNTIE'S HEART
NICE AND WARM
POISONOUS STUFF
IN OUR VILLAGE OPERA

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

WILL SOON BE.....
.....COMES FIRST, SO
GRANDMA'S.....
ON.....SIDE
.....MEMORY
PROMISING.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,553 (or XWORD 505); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Nov. 16 **WITH CHRISTMAS HAMPERS OFFER**

366
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
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EXAMPLE
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EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

1,553 Closing Postmark, MON., NOV. 4

I agree to rules and enclose
P.O. value .....
No. .....

Signed .....
Address .....
.....
.....

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated November 23, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 501 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Hen. 2, Cord. 6, Gill. 7, Share. 10, Awe. 14, Last. 15, Sport. DOWN: 3, Daisy. 4, Bite. 5, Goal. 8, Sock. 9, Cane. 11, Lies. 12, Gift. 13, Wet.

FOUR £100 SHARERS: Sto. R. Atkins, 141 Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6; S. G. Cox, Gwencargy, Royal Esplanade, Margate; Mrs. E. M. Davies, 9 St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2; Mrs. M. G. Pinfield, 35 Mancroft Road, Tettenhall, Staffs.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 38 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Fountain-pens in addition.

XWORD CASH and FOWLS

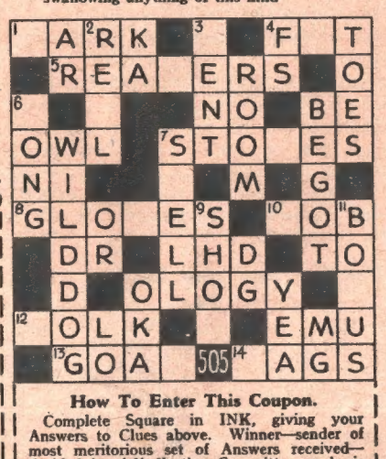
In addition to £100 First Prize and Awards value £25 between Runners-up, there are up to 100 Christmas Fowls—one with each prize value 5s. and over in this Crossword. Post Square by Monday, November 4.

Across Clues.

1. Facts given by one to detective may possibly be of real value
4. Such a person is more likely to be merry and bright
5. Certain ones throw out chaff
7. You perhaps may buy your potatoes in these
8. The heads of flowers sometimes resemble these
10. Heavy one often doesn't carry as much as lighter one
12. Perhaps bad egg doesn't possess any
13. Nobody wishes to make use of
14. These can form a good protective covering

Down Clues.

2. Silk can be of this kind
3. Many people have a thin time through
6. Striking one makes a noise
7. Average dinghy shouldn't come to grief running into heavy one
9. Blacksmith makes good one in many cases
11. It may be wise to chew over before swallowing anything of this kind



How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending only Square with 6d., address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., NOV. 4

No. **505**

Signed .....
Address .....
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WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Rates Exemption

"DURING MY THREE years' absence with the Army overseas, my house was unoccupied and the furniture was stacked in two rooms. Am I liable to pay rates and the Schedule A tax during the period when the house stood empty?"

JB As a rule, exemption from rates and the Schedule A tax cannot be claimed unless all the furniture has been removed from the house. Stacking it in two rooms does not constitute a "void." In certain circumstances, however, relief has been given where the furniture was not removed, but these concessions have only been given in evacuation areas on the coast.

Repairs to House

"CAN A TENANT withhold rent for a house because rain is coming through the roof and the fireplace needs repairing? I asked for repairs to be done more than a year ago, but so far nothing has been done."

JB If the house is not let at more than £26 a year, or if the landlord has added the statutory increase of forty per cent to the rent, he is liable for repairs. If this is so in your case, you should get the sanitary inspector to give you a certificate stating that the repairs are necessary. When you have served a copy of this certificate to your landlord you can withold forty per cent of the rent until the repairs are completed.

Club-owned Land

"A BOWLS CLUB bought a piece of land and the deeds were made out in the name of the chairman and secretary. Most of the members subscribed to the cost of the land. How can it be arranged for the subscribing members to retain an interest even if they cease membership?"

JB It is not possible for more than four persons to own land jointly except as a company registered under the Companies Act. The members could form themselves into a limited company for this purpose.

Savings Certificates

"DURING MARCH, 1931, I purchased some Savings Certificates. I have been told that they expired after ten years. Is this so? If not, how much are they worth today?"

JB Your certificates were in the third issue and can be held for at least twenty-two years from the date of purchase. This is the earliest date at which they can "expire," but the Treasury may decide to prolong their life. Each 16s. unit is now worth 27s. 8d.

Partial Compensation

"I AM SUFFERING from a disability and am receiving £2 10s. a week as partial compensation. I am fit for light work. My wages for the last thirteen weeks have averaged £4 15s. weekly, and my compensation has been reduced to 35s. a week. Before I had the accident I was earning £7 4s. a week. How shall I stand when the new Act comes into operation?"

JB The amount you are receiving as partial compensation seems correct. It is fifty per cent of the difference between your former average wage and your present wage, plus a proportion of the allowances. The new Industrial Injuries Bill will not affect you unless you become eighty to a hundred per cent disabled.

Unable to Work

"UNABLE TO WORK since July, 1945, owing to heart trouble, I am now told by the doctor that I shall never work again. My employers are considering a small pension for me. If I do receive this pension shall I be able to draw the 10s. 6d. per week which I have been receiving?"

JB The allowance of a pension by your employers will not affect your right to National Health Insurance disablement benefit, and you need not inform your approved society that it has been granted to you.

Auctioneer's Lots

"RECENTLY, I attended a sale with the intention of bidding for a wardrobe which was numbered as a 'Lot.' The auctioneer announced that he would sell this with the following 'Lot,' including a marble washstand and dressing-table which I did not want. Could I have objected and demanded that each 'Lot' be sold separately?"

JB The procedure adopted by the auctioneer is quite usual, and the matter of arranging the manner of the sale rests with him.

Proving Innocence

"MY HUSBAND was recently cited as co-respondent in a divorce case and had to pay costs. But the petitioner told many lies and I am certain that my husband is innocent. Is there any way in which we can get this injustice put right?"

JB If you have evidence to prove that the witnesses committed perjury you should place the facts before the Director of Public Prosecutions, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W.1. He will investigate the matter.

£539,000 IN ONE MONTH

Direct fire damage in the British Isles during the month of August this year amounted to the colossal sum of £539,000.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £1,000 Fire Insurance in addition to many other invaluable Household Benefits.

Registration forms can be obtained from John Bull's Insurance Dept., 126 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Portrait of a Shareholder

Yes, this lady is one of the nine million British Co-operators who are equal shareholders in the world's largest trading organization. Each member has an equal right to elect committees of management in their local Co-operative Society and these Societies are, in their turn, the owners of the 200 factories and warehouses of the Co-operative Wholesale Society. By manufacturing their own goods; by bulk trading; by sharing surplus profits among the shareholders, the Co-operative Society provides a better article that is cheaper. Why not join us?

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We could never see the sense of all the palaver of soap, brush, mess and misery over shaving; and those long bothersome minutes every a.m. So we begot Coro-Shave. From a standing start, all you do is (1) *Wet face,* (2) *Smear on Coro-Shave, very thinly,* (3) *SHAVE!* A clean, quick, smooth job, and a face that's as smooth as a con-man's approach. *All in 3 minutes!*
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FOR CHILDREN
Soft toys. Dolls bed and bedclothes. Knitted pram set. Wood and metal toys. etc. etc.

FOR THE HOME
Rugs. Bookcase. Painted glassware. Wall plaques. Net Tablecloth. Table mats. Bedside lamp. Tea cosies. Toast rack. Tray cloth. Lamp shades. Spill holder. Knife box, etc. etc.

NECKLACE

HANDBAG

WALLET NOTECASE

SHOPPING BAG

DOLL

Make your own Christmas gifts! There's time! Here's a BRAND-NEW book which shows you how. **"Gifts You can Make Yourself"—256 pages** and nearly **400** photographs and diagrams—contains **160** suggestions for beautiful and practical gifts which are easily made at home. It's all so simple that even beginners will find no difficulty. Look at the list on left of just a few of the things you can make for family and friends.
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FROM A DOCTOR'S DIARY

"Does a cure really take so long, doctor?"

So many patients ask me this question especially when the symptoms have disappeared. But it is no good denying that making sure of the cure of syphilis is a long job. It takes over two years. For gonorrhœa treatment is considerably shorter now new remedies have been discovered, but the usual time for observation after treatment is six months.
Penicillin has greatly shortened the treatment of both diseases, and the patient can usually go on working the whole time, but important tests to make sure that the disease has been cured are usually spread over a long period. After starting treatment there is no danger of passing on the disease to other people *except through sexual intercourse.*

It's foolish and dangerous not to carry out the doctor's instructions—let me tell you about two cases.
Some years ago I saw a woman who was sent to me by the welfare clinic because she had had three miscarriages. I found the cause was syphilis. I told her that treatment and observation would take two to three years. She was a stupid, feckless sort of person, and came for only a few weeks. Last month I saw that woman in a mental hospital. The untreated syphilis has done its work, and she is hopelessly insane.
My second case was a man with gonorrhœa. He stopped coming before he had been properly tested for cure. Four years later I saw him again. He had a permanently stiff knee, and had had to give up his trade as a bricklayer.

These tragedies need never have happened if the patient had kept on attending till the doctor was satisfied of a cure.

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. The addresses are given on local posters. Further information can be obtained *in confidence* from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

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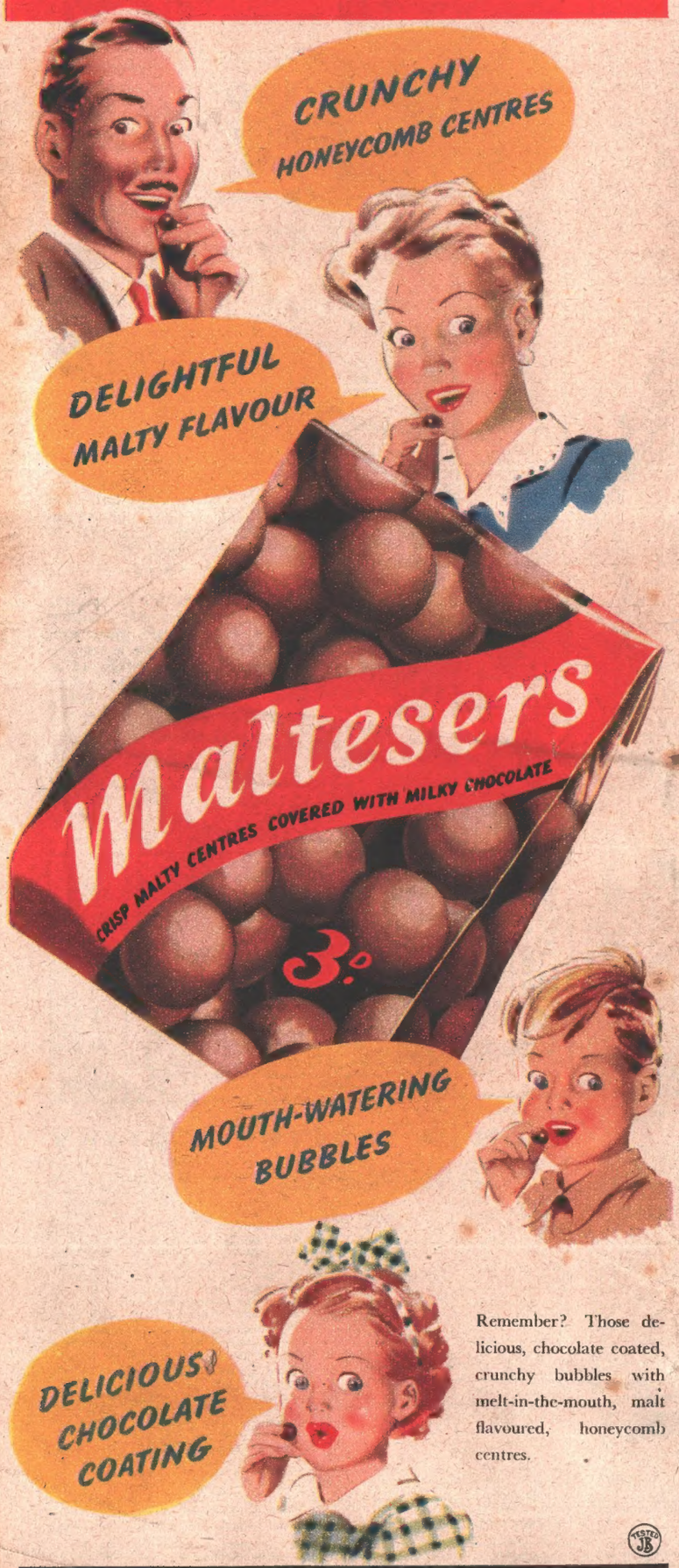

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